

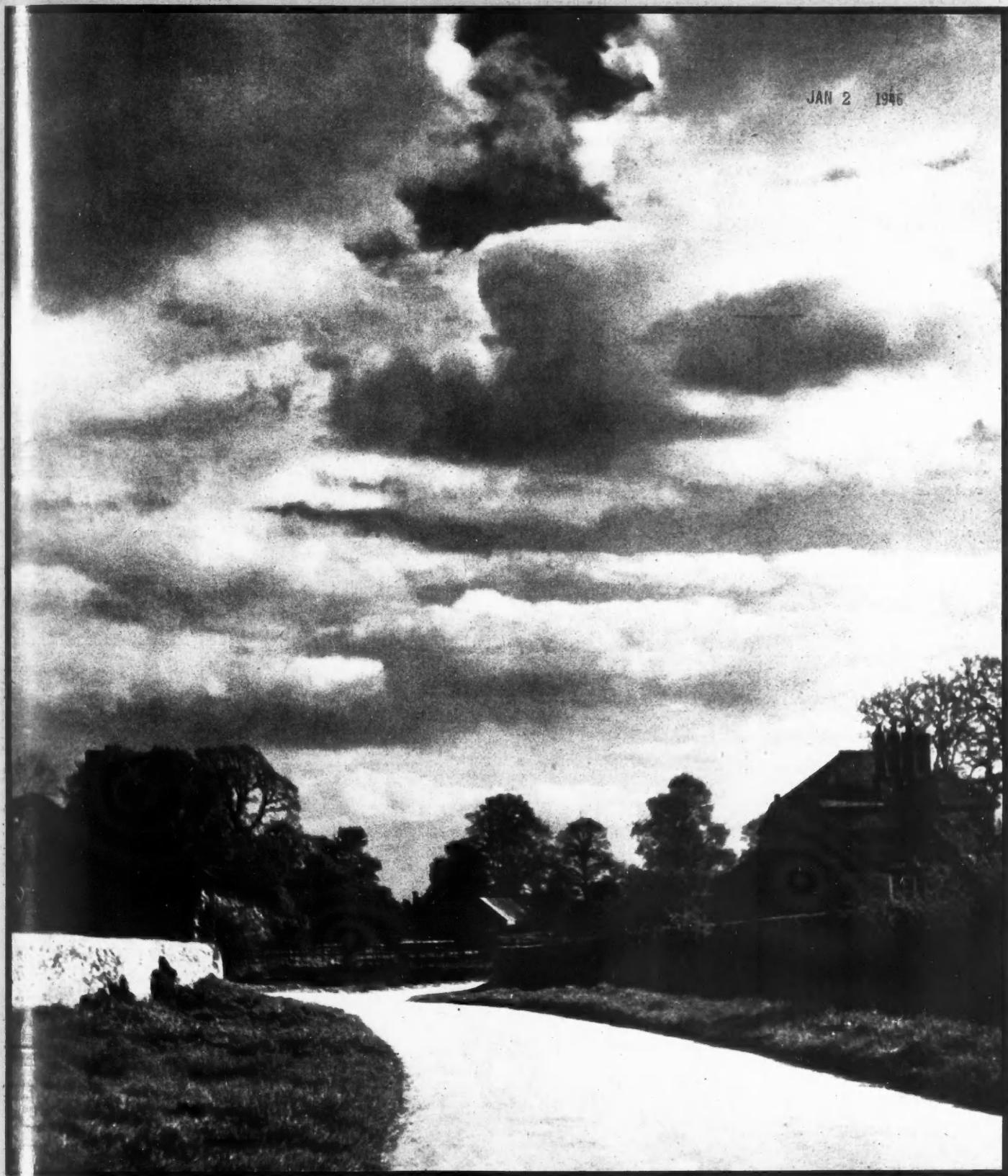
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COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY POST desired by educated lady. Horticultural Certificate. Riding and general experience. North Country preferred. Particulars of wage, accommodation, etc. to Box 547.

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ADVERTISING PAGE 968

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCVIII. No. 2551

DECEMBER 7, 1945



Bassano

LADY MARGARET FORTESCUE

Lady Margaret Fortescue, who is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess Fortescue, of Castle Hill, Barnstaple, North Devon, worked at the War Office during the war

COUNTRY LIFE

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HOUSES OR HOMILIES?

IT is difficult not to feel a lively sympathy with the Minister of Health whenever he rises to expound the plans and policy of the Government with regard to housing. Like the circus acrobat he has two horses to ride at once, and it is not easy to see how they are to be kept from galloping in opposite directions, to say nothing of the difficulty of keeping them trotting in step. The moment Mr. Greenwood announced that the Government proposed to cut out private enterprise by refusing all subsidies except to local authorities they put themselves in the position of cavalry generals of the 1914 war who discouraged the manufacture and employment of tanks in the apparent belief that the last word in tactics had been said in South Africa and at Balaclava. The local authorities must of course bear the main brunt of the campaign, but do not let the Government forget that the local authority is a slow-moving and cumbrous formation, ill-equipped technically and often with the minimum of expert leadership.

The fact is that all arms and all agencies are required to accomplish the national purpose, and any attempt to pursue some other object at the same time is bound to lead to disaster. The somewhat spectacular plans announced by Mr. Bevan for the purchase of building materials on the grand scale are in the manner of a fore-seeing military commander. But the modern commander realises that reserves of material are no substitute for troops, and it is by the size of the labour force, the constitution of its expert cadres and the enthusiasm and energy which animate its ranks that the victory will be won. It is before all things necessary to get building labour back from war-time industries—which have absorbed much of it—and out of the Forces. There is so far little sign of the selective demobilisation required, and building firms all over the country are complaining that they cannot get back their key men in spite of all their efforts. Lord Listowel announced the other day that local authorities were to define their own local targets, but the organisation of the building industry as their agents, which finds favour with the Government appears to have little or no local character about it. It is to be entirely a matter of "pools" of material and "gangs" of mobile labour based apparently on the assumption that these improvisations are likely to be effective substitutes for the reconstitution of local building teams controlled by local employers. Here again, of course, the ideological bias obtrudes.

So far as rural housing is concerned especially, a gang system will be the most uneconomic method of employing labour, and pooling of materials has a very limited application. Many

small country builders are at present limited by lack of staff to the jobbing repairs which they can carry out single handed. The housing work which is now needed in country districts consists not only of repairs but of serious reconstruction and reconditioning of cottages scattered about in innumerable small villages and hamlets. It also includes a large number of small schemes of new houses to be built in the same villages. Both kinds of work are quite unattractive to large firms whose organisation is formed to deal with many houses on a single site, and they can be far better carried out by organisations specially adapted to small jobs. The small builder is on the spot, knows local conditions and local labour and is content in peace-time to take a small profit in order to keep his staff together as an organised whole. That is the kind of economic efficiency that is wanted.

WINTER SCENE

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

*WINTER now, the time of long dark evenings,
And man comes early home, his short day done,*

*Leaving the earth alone with the leafless trees
And the setting sun.*

*And as the light fails from the brooding sky,
Without a breath of wind, without a sound,
The snow begins to fall, and the first flakes melt
On the trodden ground.*

*The far horizon is blotted out in snow,
It drifts and piles against the northward grange.
Whiteness turns the world to unknown shapes,
And the fields are strange.*

*Drift on drift lies up against the farm-house
That stands undaunted under its snowy pall,
Happy to know the family safely gathered
Within its sheltering wall.*

*Happy to see the fleecy warmth of Winter
Covering the fields and the seed that lies below,
As it watches with kindly eyes from all its windows
The ceaseless fall of snow.*

PHYLLIS HARTNOLL.

THE FUTURE OF GREAT HOUSES

IN the interesting debate on the Preservation of Historic Buildings, Lord Henderson, for the Government, held out no prospect of the State accepting the guardianship, or otherwise assisting with the maintenance of historic private houses. Lord Methuen instanced the "scheduled monuments" to which the French nation contributes 50 per cent. of the upkeep cost, and suggested an equivalent remission of income-tax on the maintenance claim for corresponding buildings in this country, or some other additional powers to enable the Ministry of Works to contribute to the maintenance of buildings listed under the 1944 Town and Country Planning Act. Lord Henderson, admitting that such buildings "form a splendid part of our rich heritage of which we are all proud, eloquent reminders of the long evolution of our social, spiritual, and cultural history," pointed out that the Ministry had no power to become guardians of inhabited houses although they could become guardians of churches not used for ecclesiastical purposes. However, he recalled that, under the Ancient Monuments Act, 1913, the State can accept the gift of inhabited buildings, though he qualified this by intimating that they need to be of very exceptional merit. Instances of the exercise of this power are Lancaster House, given by Lord Leverhulme a generation ago, and the Duke of Wellington's recent gift of Apsley House. Evidently the Government is not anxious to relieve private owners of their onerous responsibility; but a strong case has been made in our recent articles for the nation shouldering some share in it.

RECRUITS FOR THE LAND

ONLY 560 men from the Forces have applied for farm training under the Government scheme. This is a tiny instalment towards the 100,000 new recruits whom agriculture was told to expect and whom farmers were prepared to take on their farms for a year's practical training

under the auspices of the war agricultural committees. Mr. Tom Williams has assured the House of Commons that wide publicity is being given to the agricultural training scheme through films, lectures, the Press and leaflets issued to the men in the Forces. The response so far looks disappointing, but it may prove all to the good that the men are taking time to make up their minds and are not being carried away by visions of a carefree open-air life. Apart from new entrants there are several thousand former farm-workers and farmers sons now in uniform who would be encouraged to return to agriculture by the offer of a technical training course at a farm institute so as to improve their prospects. Little has been heard of such arrangements or of the resettlement grants for those who were farming on their own account before they joined the Forces.

ARE ARCHITECTS NECESSARY?

THE laying-out of council houses in the L.C.C. area is being transferred by the Council from the architect and town-planners department to that of the valuer, who is to be known as the Director of Housing. This is an extraordinary and retrograde step, as if the National Gallery were given an auctioneer as director, or ships were to be commanded by engineers, because it was thought that the public would thereby get better value for money, irrespective of the nature of the pictures or the course of the ship. Other Councils will no doubt take their cue from the L.C.C., thus establishing the borough surveyor or engineer in housing departments and town planning as primarily a matter of material costs instead of design. This removal of planning from the sphere of visual art to that of arithmetic is symptomatic of an age that understands accountancy but not artistry. Architects, whose art is essentially the co-ordinating of the factors of construction, function, and beauty, may have laid themselves open by over-much theorising of late to this grave rebuff to their ideals. Yet it must be a bitter pill to those of them who looked forward to a Socialist State as architecture's millenium. Curiously enough the City of London's reconstruction plan was severely criticised precisely because its shortcomings were due to its being produced by the Surveyor without the best architectural advice, and it was the Coalition Minister of Planning who insisted that this defect must be remedied. Mr. Silkin announced last week that the City has now selected Dr. Charles Holden, architect of London University, and Professor W. G. Holford (Liverpool and Ministry of Planning) as Consultants. No better choice could have been made. So, curiously, has the City now turned the tables on the "progressive" L.C.C.

NAME THIS TOWN

FEW people like to give up their names, even if it be as unfortunate as that of Mr. F., in Charles Lamb's farce that was damned. Nobody likes to give it up if it has famous and historic associations. The problem appears to have arisen in an acute form on the Medway. The three towns of Rochester, Chatham and Gillingham have decided to unite but cannot agree on a joint name. Somebody has suggested Cloisterham in honour of Dickens and *Edith Drodd*, but Cloisterham was primarily Rochester and the name is perhaps too literary. Somebody else is for Rockingham, an ingenious "omnibus" name, but there is already a village with a prior claim in Northamptonshire, which is also incidentally Dickensian associations; Rockingham Castle is supposed to be the original of Chesney Wold. A third proposal is Medway, and this seems the best and least likely to wound vanities, since the river is common to all three towns. Rochester would seem to have a claim on account of its latinity, its cathedral and its castle, but antiquity is not everything. One thing may be said, that if a common title is ever agreed upon the component parts will not lose their own names. Burslem and Hanley, it is to be presumed, retain their pride and their identity, though the Five Towns be technically merged in Stoke-on-Trent.



F. A. Harvey

AT BOSHAM, SUSSEX

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

IN the days before petrol rationing started, which now seem a very long time ago, I wrote in these Notes of, what I consider to be, a unique stretch of road for southern England, unique because for some twenty miles it runs the whole way through scenery typical of English farming at its best; one travels over the tops of high downs with a view over three counties, one sees everywhere evidence of Ancient and Roman Britain, and there is not one jarring note in the way of a jerry-built villa, synthetic-tiled bungalow or new council house on the long stretch. One of my first exploration trips, made possible by the slight, almost negligible, petrol concession, was to explore this road again and, fearing the worst in the form of red-brick barracks, aerodromes and Nyssen huts among the wheat and barley fields, I set forth. I am glad to say that my fears were unfounded, for, owing no doubt to some oversight on the part of the authorities concerned, this lovely stretch of country is quite unmarred, and except for a 1940 Home Guard pill-box, now so weathered and moss-grown it might figure as a relic of the Napoleonic threat of invasion, there is nothing to suggest that it has ever seen a war.

* * *

THE road in question is that which runs from Ringwood, through Horton, leaving Verwood well away to the north, and over a part of Cranborne Chase to the old unspoilt town of Shaftesbury. When I wrote of its charms some years ago, I became embroiled in a most friendly fashion with a Scotsman who specialises in roads and road surveys. He put it to me that the finest road in Great Britain from the point of view of scenery is the Dumfries coast road, and quoted the occasion when Queen Victoria asked Thomas Carlyle what in his opinion was the loveliest road in the land. Carlyle said: "The Dumfries coast road," and when she asked him

what was the second-best, he replied: "The same road back again."

One cannot argue with Carlyle, nor for that matter with any Scot when the charms of his own country are in question, and as I have not yet seen the Dumfries road I will not insist upon the pre-eminence of my selection. All I will say is that in close proximity to my Dorset road, and almost equal to it as far as unspoilt peaceful scenery is concerned, are two other roads, that from Dorchester to Sherborne through Cerne Abbas, and from Dorchester to Crewkerne through Maiden Newton. Dorset men can be as argumentative as the Scots when the attractions of their county are at stake, and they have to be self-assertive owing to the encirclement from which they suffer—almost as bad as that which drove Hitler's Germany to war. To the north are Wiltshire men telling the world about their moon-rakers; to the north-west Zummerzet turnip-hoers singing of "Young 'Erchard of Taunton Dene"; to the west Devon men of Drake and Raleigh stock holding forth about bowls on Plymouth Hoe; and to the east Hampshire Hogs claiming the record for the first fatal accident in the shooting field.

However fine the opinion we may have of ourselves in the West of England, it is obviously not shared by the B.B.C. This Corporation was evacuated during the war into these parts for a number of years, and it evidently went back with the conviction that we are a community of numbskulls, nit-wits and low-brows as nowadays they exclude us from almost everything good which is broadcast, but we get the news, the children's hour and notification of cuts in rations.

AT the time when I went over the road again recently there was a correspondence appearing in a daily journal about giant mushrooms. Every day a letter would appear with a new record of a colossal fungus, and the measurements were reaching improbable dimensions. I have never aspired to fame as being the first to hear the cuckoo, the last to see a swallow, or to be the discoverer of the largest puff-ball—and, if one of my pullets lays an outsize in eggs, I am so ashamed of the enormity I try to hush the matter up, and the offending pullet, if detected, appears on the table at the first opportunity. I had no desire to find the largest mushroom, as I prefer the smaller ones for breakfast, but as I topped the rise to the west of Horton I saw against the sky-line a sight which I thought would put me right in the front rank of giant mushroom discoverers. There, picked out against a golden western sky, were three mushrooms grouped together in the corner of a field, all three symmetrically perfect in every detail, and each one approximately sixteen feet high and about twenty feet in diameter.

It was a disappointment to find when I drew closer that they were not mushrooms at all, but three aged straw stacks for which the farmer had found no use. Their extraordinary shape was due to grazing animals having been hard at work on them for years, eating everything within reach, so that the lower part of the stacks had been gnawed away until they were no more than slender stems supporting the main bulk of the straw overhead, which they had trimmed and fashioned into the outline of a mushroom.

* * *

RECENTLY a Labour M.P., whose constituency is in Somerset, asked the Minister of Food in the House if he was aware of the many infringements of the order concerning

the control price of poultry which was occurring in the country. Sir Ben Smith in reply stated that everything was satisfactory and, on the M.P. persisting and pointing out that this was not the general opinion among the farming community, he administered what is known in the Army as a "raspberry," stating that "I am not here to bolster up the opinion of any particular or peculiar section of the country; I have given a statement of facts as I find them."

In the next column of the local newspaper, where this item appeared, there was the report of a police-court case in which a firm of butchers was prosecuted for infringing the regulations concerning the purchase of poultry on no fewer than 48 occasions during the last ten months—in other words, on every market day during the period—the prices paid being from six to a hundred per cent. above the control price. Unless, therefore, the firm were public benefactors, and losing money on every sale, this

price is being passed on to the consumers. This, by the way, did not occur in the constituency of the M.P. who was snubbed, but in another town in the south-west country.

* * *

As the officials of the Ministry of Food who advise Sir Ben Smith cannot be wrong, one must conclude that in the North, Midlands, West and East, and also in Scotland and Wales, the communities are far more control-minded and law-abiding than are we in the South-West. I cannot answer for all the towns in the South-West, but only for a few, and I have never yet heard of a pen of poultry, old hens, redundant cockerels, or superannuated cocks, that were not sold as stock birds at a price far beyond that laid down by law for table birds. If a sale of surplus cockerels at controlled price ever occurred in our market town I think the ex-Home Guard would stand-to without arms, the church bells would ring and the local Inspector

of the Ministry of Food would recommend himself for the M.B.E.

* * *

THE situation in the turkey world is slightly different as, according to official edict, turkeys for stock purposes ceased to exist after October 31, and from that date every bird was recognised as being dedicated to appear on the table on December 25. On the whole I do not think any of the poultry experts who write columns for our journals would recommend the starting of a breeding pen of turkeys in November, but despite this a very considerable number of people in this area—including number from outside the area who looked most unlike poultry-farmers—decided to launch out with a turkey pen, so that every bird was sold for stock purposes on the last day of October at a most satisfactory price to the seller. If there are any left over in the district to figure in the Christmas markets it must be due to an oversight.

COVENANTERS' CONVENTICLE, 1666-1945

Written and Illustrated by ALASDAIR ALPIN MACGREGOR

TO be reared in Edinburgh—Auld Reekie to the true Scot—without absorbing some knowledge of the Covenanters, however superficial, would indeed be an omission bordering on the incredible. What Scot, schooled in this ancient and venerable city, and having of necessity to learn something of the reigns of Charles the Second and James the Seventh, can have forgotten all he or she may once have had to know about the Pentland Rising, about Drumclog and Bothwell Brig, and about the Conventicles, those field-preachings to which the Cameronians—the hunted Covenanters—were obliged to resort? Surely, there can be no word more inseparably bound up with the Covenanters and their hazardous convenings and communings among the hills than the word Conventicle: surely, for those of us with a background preponderantly Scottish, there is enshrined in the name of Rullion Green a wisp of poignancy and sadness, such as the fervid Jacobite feels at the merest whisper of Sheriffmuir or Culloden.

Auld Reekie itself has much to remind one of the Cameronians and their Covenanting aspirations. I well remember the day my father, at all times ambitious that his offspring should be authoritatively informed on such matters, pointed out to me, in the National Museum of Antiquities, the flag borne by the Covenanters' army at Bothwell Brig in 1679. If that exhibit brought vividly to mind those defenders of the Presbyterian faith, which indeed it did, even more so did his taking me to Old Greyfriars' where, on a memorable Sabbath in 1638, the National Covenant was adopted, signed, and thereafter carried out to the kirkyard for the signatures of the multitude there assembled.

The ratification of the Covenant, with its solemn obligation to defend Presbyterianism, precipitated for Scotland half a century of woe, as Greyfriars' Kirkyard itself so truly testifies. There, in the oblong enclosure at the south-west corner, stands the Covenanters' Prison, where some twelve hundred of those rounded up by Royalist cavalry after Bothwell Brig were

herded together for five wintry months, with no canopy but the cold, cloudy sky. In the most appalling misery, they were detained by a guard of soldiery charged, under pain of death, to allow no one to escape. Hundreds perished of exposure and of brutal treatment received at the hands of those placed in authority over them. Some few were given their freedom on swearing to a bond never again to take up arms against the King, or without his permission. Some four hundred declined this avenue of release, "not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection." Some two hundred and sixty perished when the vessel transporting them from Leith to the Barbados slave plantations was wrecked off the Orkneys, and no more than forty of their number were saved.

Few persecutions in the cruel history of mankind were pursued with greater ruthlessness, which explains the Martyrs' Monument erected in 1771 in the north-east corner of this same kirkyard, the most historical and



LOOKING DOWN OVER RULLION GREEN, TOWARDS FLOTTERSTANE AND OVER EAST LOTHIAN FROM THE SLOPES OF TURNHOUSE HILL



TOMB OF BLUIDY MACKENZIE IN OLD GREYFRIARS' KIRKYARD, EDINBURGH. (Right) THE MARTYRS' MONUMENT AT OLD GREYFRIARS'



celebrated place of burial in Scotland. Here, also, at Greyfriars', as if in satirical contrast, is the mausoleum of Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, founder of the Advocates' Library. Because of the severity with which, as King's Advocate for Scotland, he persecuted the Covenanters, he is better known to us as Bluidy Mackenzie.

Roughly eight miles to the south of Auld Reekie, on the eastern slope of Turnhouse Hill and at the spot called Rullion Green, there was fought, in 1666, the battle in which the Covenanters, led by Colonel James Wallace, were routed by the King's troops under General Sir Thomas Dalziel of Binns, their commander-in-chief in Scotland. Dalziel, whose beard remained uncut after the execution of Charles the First, had seen service in Russia and in Poland, and had taken part in expeditions against Turk and Tartar. In 1681 he raised the Scots Greys.

More than fifty Covenanters are said to have been killed at Rullion Green. Several of those who escaped with their lives—and not a few of those who had been wounded—were brought in afterwards by the country people. It is believed that, in addition to these, numbers of them were shot or slain while in flight from the scene of their disaster, and were buried in neighbouring kirkyards. Many are said to lie in Penicuik, and many more in the kirkyard at Glencorse. In the kirk-session records of the former one finds the following minute: Dec. 9th, 1666. Disbursed to John Brown belman for making westlandmen's graves 3s. 4d.

Rullion Green had been fought on November 28 of that year.

For a day and a night, the vanquished Covenanters lay unburied and, according to Wallace, were stripped of their apparel "by the soldiers and the barbarians of Lothian, as if the victory had been gotten over the Turks; but the godly women of Edinburgh came out on the morrow with winding sheets, and buried them."

On the Pentland hillside at Rullion Green, by the fringe of a sparse woodland overlooking the battlefield, with the rich tilth of East Lothian stretching beyond as far as the foothills of the Lammermuirs, you will discover the Martyrs' Tomb. There, where the hill-wind goes a-sighing through pines and beeches, and in Autumn hurries the seared and curling leaves along the innumerable sheep-tracks intersecting at this sequestered spot, were interred most of the slain Covenanters. Some doubt seems to exist as to who raised the stone on the fringe of the wood; but perhaps some reader of COUNTRY LIFE may be able to tell us. On one side of this stone we read:

Here and near to this place lyes the Reverend Mr. John crookshank and Mr. Andrew m'cormack ministers of the Gospels and about fifty other True covenanted presbyterians who were killed in this

place in their own Inocent self defence and defence of the covenanted work of Reformation By Thomas Dalzeel of Bins upon the 28 of november 1666 Rev XII, II Erected September 28, 1738.

On turning to the passage alluded to, we find one of the texts from which the Covenanters derived solace during the Killing Time and upon which, even at the present day, the clergy ministering to their descendants frequently base their sermons. Indeed, this text appears on several of the Covenanters' memorials: "And they overcame him by the Blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death."

And what of the other side of the stone by the copse's fringe, among the sheep tracks at Rullion Green?

A cloud of witnesses lyes here,
Who for Christ's interest did appear,
For to restore true Liberty
Overturned then by Tyranny
And by Proud Prelats who did rage
Against the Lord's own heritage.
They sacrificed were for the Laws
Of Christ their King, his noble cause.
These heroes fought with great renown,
By falling got the Martyr's Crown.

Ever since that fateful day in the fall of 1666 much of this Pentland Country would seem to have remained sacred to the memory of the Covenanters. Here and there about it, from time to time, were found the remains of some fugitive from Rullion Green. Many of the wounded are believed to have succumbed in our Pentland bogs, when endeavouring to reach the West Land whence most of them had come—Lanarkshire, or Ayrshire, or perhaps distant Galloway. There, among the remote hills, the

Covenanters, for the most part, held their Conventicles in defiance, until the dragoons cruelly harassed them, putting them to the sword or to flight.

The plough of a certain John Gill, who was the first to till the soil at Rullion Green after the Revolution, turned up the bones of many a martyr. These were reverently collected and buried together on the hillside yonder, where moulders the dust of the true covenanted Presbyterians.

Among the best known of the Covenanters' graves about the Pentland Hills is that of the nameless fugitive who died at Oaken Bush the day after Rullion Green, and was buried by Adam Sanderson, of Blackhill, a small farm that once existed near Dunsyre, in Lanarkshire. The grave is marked by a stone standing on the moorland slope of the hill known as the Black Law. Tradition has it that a Covenanter, sorely wounded and striving to reach Ayrshire, came to Adam Sanderson's threshold in the dead of night and asked that he might be given some temporary relief. He refused to tarry long, however, expressing the fear that his so doing might endanger those upon whose mercy he had cast himself.

Early the following day Sanderson set out with him on the first stage of his hopeless journey homeward. Soon his strength failed him and he lay down to die. "Bury me in sight of the Ayrshire hills!" was his dying request. So Sanderson carried his corpse from Oaken Bush to the heathery spot on the slope of the Black Law, where stands the tombstone erected to his memory, many years later, and whence, on a clear day, one gets a glimpse of his native Ayrshire, some twenty miles afar.

One Sunday afternoon in June, some thirty years ago or thereabouts, during my schoolhood at Edinburgh, I happened to be descending Turnhouse Hill when my ear caught the strains of metrical psalm-singing. On reaching the road at Flotterstane Brig I was astonished to find, on the grassy patch I now know to be Flotterstane Haugh Field, a large gathering assembled for public worship in true Covenanter fashion. Under the auspices of the Reformed Presbyterian Church at Loanhead, and for many years now, it has been customary to hold, in the Preaching Field at Flotterstane, almost within earshot of Rullion Green, a memorial service, after the manner of the Covenanters' Conventicles. It was upon one such annual service I had come. Though, as you may remember, the battle was fought in November, June was the month adopted for this commemoration, because one could be assured of better weather then.

Now we come to 1945. When in Auld Reekie during the Autumn of this year, I happened one day to see in a local newspaper a notice intimating that, on the following Sunday afternoon, the annual service commemorating the Covenanters' stand at Rullion Green was to be held once more at the same spot, and under the same auspices. This service had been in abeyance during the war years. In the ordinary course of events it would have been arranged for the month of June; but hostilities did not



THE MARTYRS' TOMB AT RULLION GREEN

cease in time to make this possible. Next year, doubtless, it will be held in June, as in former years.

To this service—to this Covenanters' Conventicle, as one might appropriately describe it—I duly betook myself. It had just begun as I reached Flotterstane by way of the summit of Carnethy, of the shoulder of Turnhouse Hill, and of Rullion Green itself. Among those attending was an octogenarian Covenanter known throughout the Pentlands as Bob Campbell, and several other quite old people—staunch adherents to the Presbyterian faith as originally covenanted.

Nothing but the Metrical Psalms are sung at this Conventicle, they being the sole "praise" permitted in the Reformed Presbyterian Church. They are sung unaccompanied, but with the aid of a Precentor who sings the line in the old style, after he has consulted his tuning-fork. Even the Metrical Paraphrases, which are known to so many Scots and are to be found at the back of their Bibles, are excluded. Anything in the nature of a hymn, of course, would be impossible to imagine at such a service, which at all times is conducted in the austere and simplest fashion. From the ease and gusto with which nearly everyone of the hundreds at this Conventicle sang the Metrical Psalms, with but brief and occasional reference to the song-sheet distributed among the assembly, it was evident the vast majority of those present were Scots Presbyterians of one denomination or another.

It was truly appropriate on this occasion that the minister conducting the service should have chosen as the complementary texts from which he preached, firstly, the verse from Revelation denoted at the Martyrs' Tomb, and, secondly, those memorable verses with which the eleventh chapter of Hebrews concludes—

And others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment:

They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented;

(Of whom the world was not worthy:) they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth.

And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise:

God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.

Thus it was with many who found graves among the lonely hills, nearly three centuries ago. They kept the faith, and died for Scotland's Covenanted Cause. One could not hear these scriptural words, sent forth upon the Autumn air at Flotterstane, without recalling not merely the names of the warriors of whom we know—Cameron, Cargill, Guthrie, Hislop, MacKail, Peden, Renwick, and the rest—but also the



RUINS OF ADAM SANDERSON'S HOME AT BLACKHILL, NEAR MEDWINHEAD, IN THE HEART OF THE PENTLANDS

steadfastness of the *nameless* folk—those Unknown Warriors—who, likewise, perished for the Covenants. Nameless they are, indeed; and nameless they must needs remain. Yet an Edinburgh know-all mentioned at this year's Conventicle that, after much research, he was now in a position to tell us the name of him whom Adam Sanderson comforted at Oaken Bush, and to whose memory was erected the stone on the slopes of the Black Law, in view of the Ayrshire Hills. Carfin, he declared, was the name of this Covenanter, hitherto nameless. But what of it? Would any useful purpose be served by our making minute investigations, such as might disclose the name of the Unknown Warrior reposing at Westminster Abbey?

It was interesting that the Bible used on this occasion, as at previous Conventicles held in Flotterstane Haugh Field, was an old, tattered, 18th-century one that, for generations, was in the Sanderson family. At present it belongs to Miss Jean McMorran, who resides at the little Midlothian town of Bonnyrigg, and who lends it each year. Miss McMorran inherited it from her uncle, George Sanderson, a descendant of the very Adam Sanderson who

succoured the nameless Covenanter, and buried him as he had desired. For centuries and, in fact, until a few years ago, there were many Sandersons dwelling about Dunsyre, Dykefoot, Blackhill and Medwinhead. To-day, in these Pentland places, there is none of the name to be found.

A word or two, in conclusion, about the Reformed Presbyterian Church. The Cameronians, as the Scottish Covenanters were called, felt that they could not join the Revolution Church of Scotland, brought into being in 1690, under the government of William of Orange. They held that, although it was Presbyterian in its order, it ignored the Covenants and accepted a measure of state interference in spiritual matters. It admitted the Crown's right to dissolve church assemblies, for instance; and it accepted the system of patronage.

For sixteen years, the dissenting Covenanters maintained their own Societies for worship and religious correspondence. By 1706, there existed in Scotland twenty such Societies, with a membership of roughly seven thousand. In 1743 there was constituted the Reformed Presbytery, whereafter the Church increased its membership so appreciably that in 1810 the Presbytery was divided regionally into a Northern, Eastern, and Southern Presbytery. A year later, these three Presbyteries convened as the first Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland. That year, moreover, the Irish and the North American Reformed Presbyterian Churches—offshoots of the Scottish—were strong enough to set up their own first Synods. To-day there are between thirty and forty congregations in Ireland, and over a hundred in America.

In Scotland, however, the Church was divided, in 1863, over the question of the Parliamentary franchise. A majority supported the view that the Synod should dispense with the rule of political dissent, thus abandoning the basis of the Covenants, and sharing responsibility for national sins which, notwithstanding, it still exposed and condemned. The minority stood its ground, resolutely declining to share in the responsibility of elected law-makers. On the contrary, it maintained, as a Synod of its own, the Reformed Presbyterian pledge not to countenance political systems which, in its view, ignored the primary rights of Christ Jesus as King of the world's nations.

Finally, in 1876, the majority of that Reformed Presbyterian Church united with the Free Church of Scotland. The remnant eight congregations still existing north of the Tweed are the survival of the minority of 1863.



EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY COVENANTER'S BIBLE USED AT THE RULLION GREEN MEMORIAL SERVICE

SOME ROYAL PORTRAITS IN POTTERY

By H. BOSWELL
LANCASTER

(Left) 1.—CHELSEA BUST OF
GEORGE II. Circa 1750

By courtesy of the Victoria
and Albert Museum

(Right) 2.—PRINCE RUPERT.
JOHN DWIGHT, FULHAM,
1671-1703

By courtesy of the British
Museum



THE earliest of our great potters was John Dwight of Fulham, 1671 to 1703, whose work plainly refutes the prevalent idea that until the time of Wedgwood the potter's art in England was negligible. In addition to the statuettes he modelled so beautifully, Dwight made a speciality of royal heads, and his busts in their exquisite detail have seldom been equalled and never surpassed. Prince Rupert (Fig. 2) is perhaps the finest, but he also made busts of Charles II and his wife, Queen Catherine of Braganza, also of James II and Mary d'Este.

The manufacturers of porcelain are not so frequently represented by this form of portraiture, but the Chelsea factory did produce a bust of George II (Fig. 1). It is No. 134 in the catalogue of the Schreiber Collection, and is there described "bust of George II on detached pedestal. He wears a large wig, breastplate and drapery which partly hides the Order of the Garter; he looks towards the left." This bust is uncoloured, and is from a statue by Rysbrack. It is 17½ inches in height and dates about 1750.

Rysbrack's statue was placed in Queen's Square, Bristol, but the porcelain factory

of that city chose a later king and queen as models for portraiture in biscuit, George III and Queen Charlotte (Figs. 5 and 3).

A feature of Bristol manufacture was the production of plaques in biscuit of exquisite modelling and finish. These took many forms: coats of arms, bouquets of flowers and wreaths, the latter often encircling the armorial bearings. Mr. Jewitt, in his *Ceramic Art of Great Britain*, records: "In her Majesty's (Queen Victoria's) possession are two remarkably fine examples with medallion profiles of George III and Queen Charlotte, presented to that queen by Champion himself in 1775, together with a pair of smaller flower plaques of exquisite finish and delicacy."

The pair now pictured have been shown repeatedly, though I have not succeeded in obtaining a definite opinion as to their origin; but at least they are biscuit porcelain and represent royalty. They are in the original frames of blackened walnut; and that of the queen is behind the early greenish glass. The shadow of this coloration shows clearly in the photograph.

Fig. 4 shows a bust which has the unusual feature of a date on the back as well as the names of the makers, J. & R. Riley, 1819.

John and Richard Riley were proprietors of the Hill Works, Burslem, which were rebuilt by them in 1814. The names appear on a map of 1802. One or both died 1826-27, and the premises were afterwards taken by S. Alcock and Co.

There is some confusion among ceramic historians as to the subject of the sculpture. A picture of a similar bust (but with a square instead of a round pedestal) illustrated in Mr. J. F. Blacker's *A.B.C. of Collecting Old English Pottery*, page 193, is entitled *Queen Charlotte*, but I fail to see any likeness to the accepted portraits of that queen. It is true that George III did not die until 1820; but from November, 1810, he ceased to reign. Those who wish may read the pathetic story of his decline in Thackeray's *The Four Georges*.

The fact that he was still alive in 1819 may be the reason for the bust being named as of his Consort; but in 1811, the Prince of Wales became Regent, and I believe the bust to represent his lady, afterwards Queen Caroline.

I am indebted to the Directors of the British Museum and of the Victoria and Albert Museum for their kindness in allowing me to reproduce pictures of the rare specimens in their possession.



3.—QUEEN CHARLOTTE. BISCUIT
PORCELAIN IN ORIGINAL WALNUT
FRAME. In the author's collection

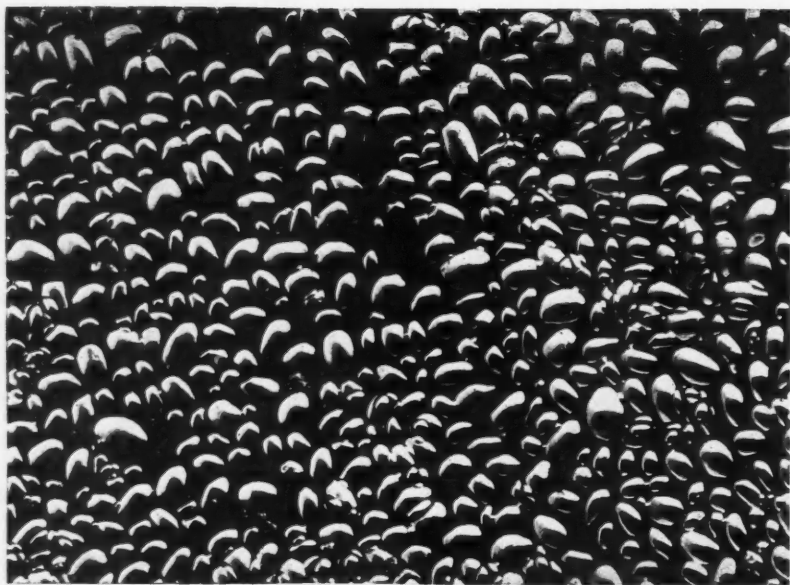


4.—QUEEN CAROLINE, CONSORT OF
GEORGE IV. J. & R. RILEY, 1819
In the author's collection

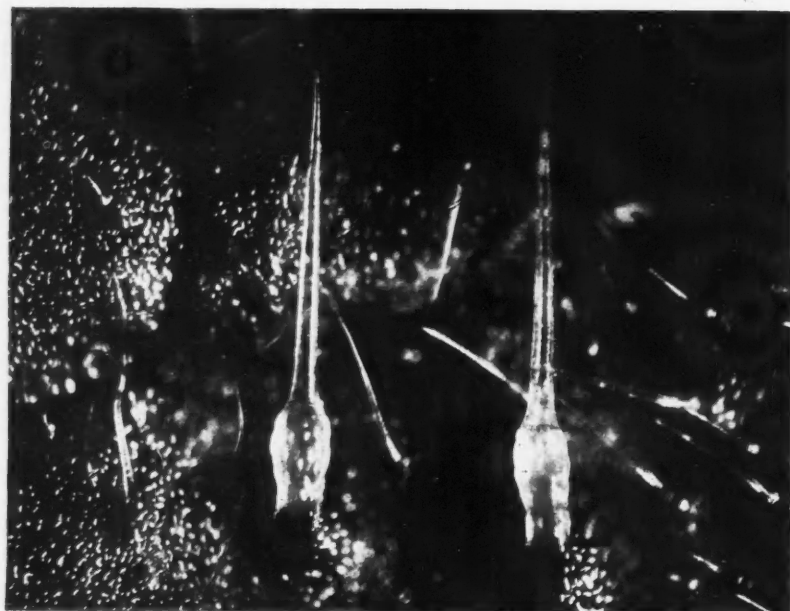


5.—GEORGE III. BISCUIT PORCELAIN
IN ORIGINAL WALNUT FRAME
In the author's collection

MARVELS OF

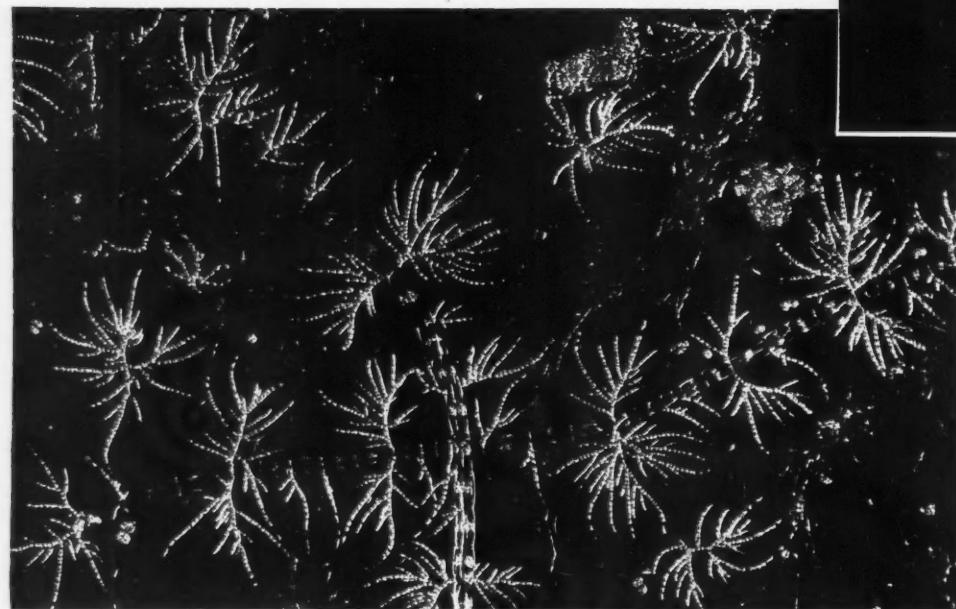
Photomicrographs by

OYSTER-SHELL-LIKE GRAINS OF STARCH FROM A POTATO



STINGS ON THE UPPER SURFACE OF A NETTLE LEAF

The sting is hollow and has a glandular sac at its base containing an acrid fluid



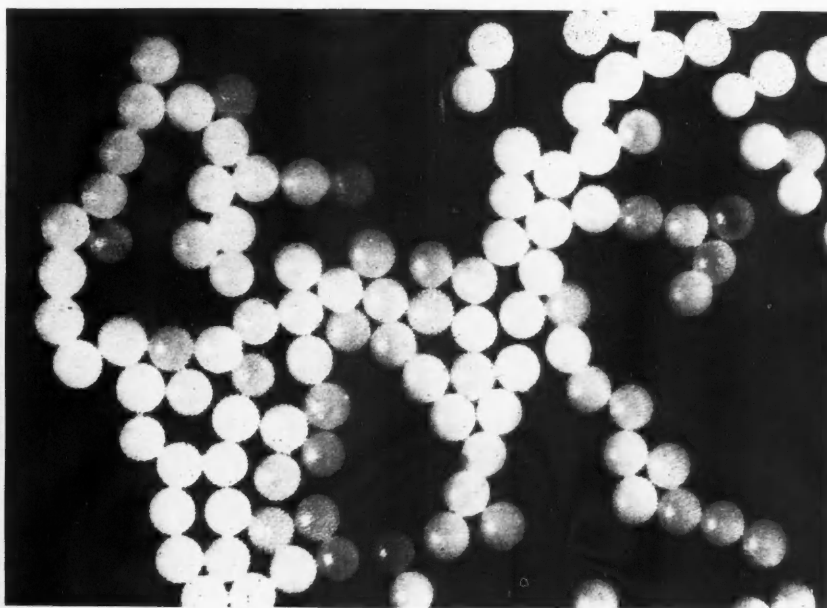
THE CARNIVOROUS BLADDER WORT. The little rounded bladders have a trapdoor-like opening guarded by stiff hairs which give inwards but not outwards. Minute water insects are trapped and absorbed.

(Left) ONE OF THE FRESH-WATER ALGÆ. Low in the scale of vegetable life, these plants often cover ponds and ditches with a green scum

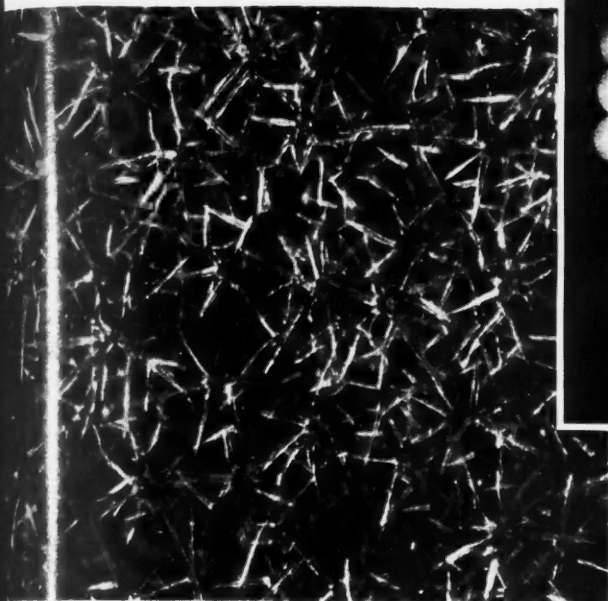


PLANT LIFE

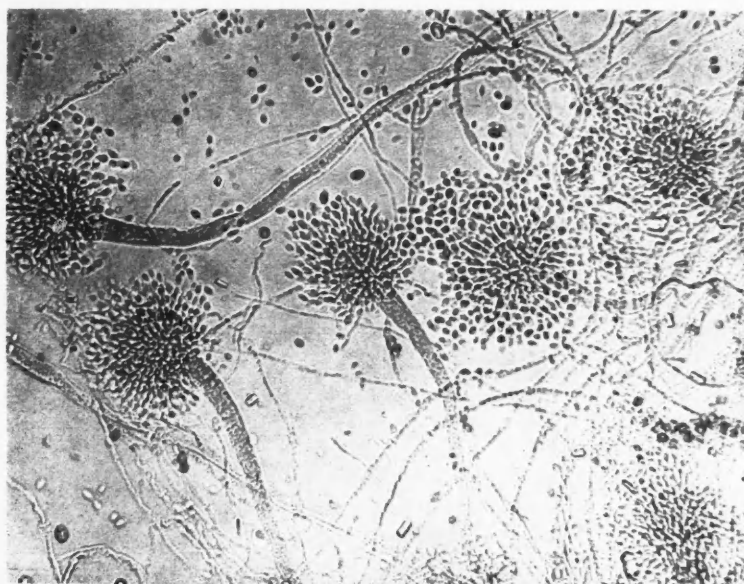
by ARNOLD A. BOTTING



GRAINS OF POLLEN FROM THE FLOWER OF THE HOLLYHOCK



MINUTE STELLATE HAIRS ON THE DOWNY UNDER-SURFACE OF A LEAF OF LAVENDER

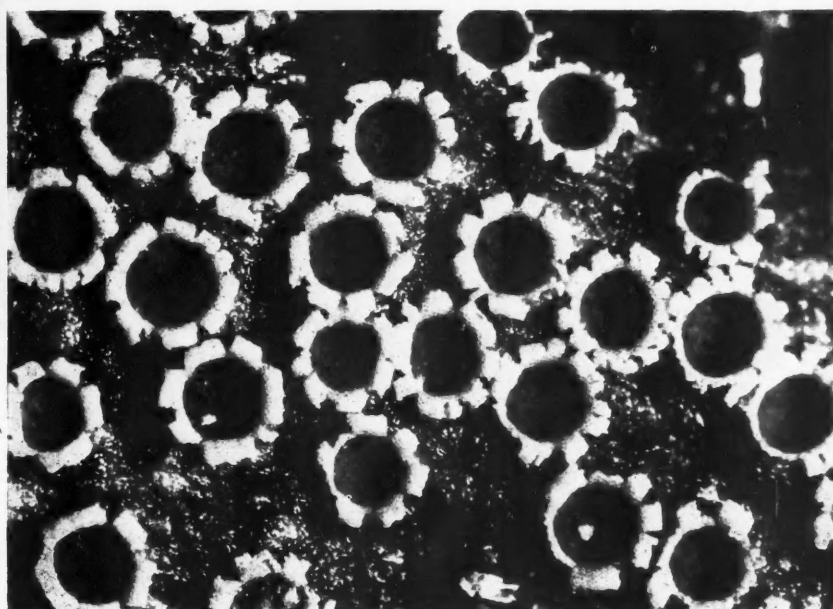


MOP-LIKE HEADS OF THE BLUE MOULD ON CHEESE WITH RADIATING ROWS OF SPORES UPON THEM



MOULD ON THE SURFACE OF A DAMAGED TOMATO

(Right) THE BRIGHT ORANGE-RED FUNGOID GROWTH SEEN ON THE LEAVES OR STEMS OF SOME PLANTS IN EARLY SUMMER. The so-called cluster cups have released myriads of spores



WHITE OF WORCESTER

A LOCAL ARCHITECT OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

By MARCUS WHIFFEN

The gradual identification of the work and characteristics of the local architects of the Georgian era is drawing attention to many noble buildings too long overlooked. After Carr of York and Wood of Bath, Thomas White of Worcester (1674-1748) is most deserving of study in view of his traditional connection with Wren



(Left) STATUE OF QUEEN ANNE
On Worcester Guildhall, 1709



(Right) CHARLES I, GUILDHALL
Finished about 1724

It is said that when the Common Council of the City of London were told that Lord Burlington's design for the Mansion House was "after Palladio," they objected that Palladio was not a freeman of the City and employed George Dance to prepare a design instead.

The story, whether true or not, is a good one, and no one should begrudge historians of architecture their chuckle over it. Neverthe-

less, the attitude of the same historians is in a way not unlike that of the councillors. In writing of English architecture between the Restoration and the Regency they show much the same partiality for London architects; although they may not insist on their being freemen of the City, they tend to choose for their heroes the architects who practised in the Metropolis. But there were other names, which were rarely heard outside the distant counties or provincial capitals in which their owners worked, without which the story cannot be complete. Such—to mention half-a-score—were the Bastards of Blandford, the Hiorns of Warwick, Jones of Northampton, the Patys of Bristol, Prince and Pritchard of Shrewsbury, Smith of Warwick, Stephenson of Newcastle, Townesend of Oxford, and White of Worcester.

Thomas White of Worcester is an exceptionally interesting figure, in that, besides being a talented architect, he was also a competent sculptor. Although he did not die until 1748, he belongs to the old tradition of masoncraft, represented in the previous century by such men as Nicholas Stone and the Marshalls. Of his life, considered apart from his work, little is known. Recent research has discredited the account in Nash's *Worcestershire*, where it is stated that "Sir Christopher Wren took him with him to Rome [where of course Wren himself never went] and placed him with a statuary there," that "he by stealth made admeasurements of all the component parts of St. Peter's church, and assisted Sir Christopher in modelling that of St. Paul's,

London," and that "Wren would have retained him for his foreman, to superintend the building of St. Paul's." White, as the discovery of the real date of his death (formerly put 10 years too early) has shown, was a generation too young to have been employed on the great model of St. Paul's.

Nash's account is not, however, valueless. There is no reason to question the list of his works there given, or to doubt the statements that his mother's name was Twitty and that "he was put apprentice to a statuary and stone-cutter, in Piccadilly near Hyde Park Corner," although who the statuary was not even Mrs. Esdaile can tell.

The date of White's birth is unknown, but he is said to have been 74 when he died, and thus it must have been in 1673 or 1674. The first documentary reference to him which has been discovered belongs to 1709, when the Worcester City Chambers "ordered that Thomas White be and is admitted a Freeman of this City making a handsome effigie of the Queen to the well likeinge of the Mayor and Alderman for the time being but that he be not sworne before the Effigie be done." In 1721, it is recorded, White was paid £5 for work on the town hall, in 1725 a guinea "for mending the statues" thereon, and in 1724 a life annuity of £30 was settled on him "provided that the said Mr. White give security to finish all the work that shall be done about the said Hall by a stone-cutter, and that he put up the effigies of King Charles I and II and beautify the same." In 1739 White bought the lease of the house now called 46, Sidbury; on August 23, 1743, he made his will, and three days later he died. He was buried at Kempsey, Worcester.

Such are the main known facts about White's life. Of his character and his appearance we know nothing. But his architecture may be seen by any visitor to the "loyal and ancient" City of Worcester, and his sculpture—though not all so conspicuous—still remains for the curious to seek out and examine.

Most people will agree that the Worcester Town Hall, or Guildhall, as it is now called, is White's most successful work. With its statues, allegorical and historical—the latter include that of Queen Anne, for which White was made a Freeman—with the great trophy in the central pediment and the scrolled aprons and carved panels below the windows of the upper floor, it pertains, as Sacheverell Sitwell has well



National Buildings Record
BRITANNIA HOUSE, WORCESTER

*British Council*

THE GUILDHALL, WORCESTER, BUILT 1721-24

said, "to that civic fantasy which has given us Gog and Magog, the Lord Mayor of London's coachman, the curious dresses of his attendants, the vestry of St. Laurence Jewry, and the swordrests of All Hallows, Barking, and of the Bristol churches." Of all other English buildings, the Duke's Head at King's Lynn, Norfolk, by that other distinguished provincial, Henry Bell, is perhaps nearest to it in spirit.

Worcester Guildhall was built 1721-24. It is the earliest building which can be assigned to White with any certainty. Although he may have built houses in Worcester before then, his two known works in domestic architecture seem to date from the next decade. First in size, if not in merit, is the red sandstone front which he built on the Bishop's Palace (now the Deanery) for Bishop Hough. It is a comparatively plain design, with something of the quiet dignity of the institutions of the Church of England—episcopal, in fact, rather than mayoral. Britannia House, which is now the home of the Alice Ottley School, is quite another matter and has something of the richness of the Guildhall; the

*National Buildings Record*

THE DEANERY, FORMERLY THE BISHOP'S PALACE, WORCESTER

fluted aprons to the windows are, rather significantly, of a type more usual in church monuments than in full-scale architecture.

The three Worcester churches, St. Nicholas's, St. Swithin's, and All Saints', are, it must be said at once, attributed to White solely on the word of tradition, as handed down by Nash. Documentary evidence is lacking and, beyond their cost and certain dates connected with the erection of the churches, all that we know for certain is that the master-builders of St. Swithin's were Edward and Thomas Woodward, and the master-builders of All Saints' Richard Squire and William Davis. But in this case the tradition can reasonably be believed; it was not so very old when Nash wrote, and there is no other claimant to the authorship of the churches.

St. Nicholas's, the first, was opened in 1730. The interior of its nave is now bleak and unattractive with 19th-century galleries. Within the base of the tower there is an impressive arrangement of curving staircases, but the tower itself is the most interesting part of the church. Its front to the street has White's favourite segmental pediment; the design of its upper stages is closely based on one of the rejected designs for the steeple of St. Mary-le-Strand as published in James Gibbs's *Book of Architecture*. That treasure-house of motifs for Georgian builders and amateurs appeared in 1728. White felt, no doubt, that in adopting one of the designs in it he had given his native city the very latest thing.

St. Swithin's has one of the most charming Georgian church interiors in existence, with pulpit and pews all much as White left them, although some alterations affecting the east end were done early in the present century. The plaster ceiling, with diagonal ribs springing from scalloped and foliated corbels with cherub-heads below them, is slightly "Gothick." Mediæval allusions were not considered out of place in the ceiling of a classical church; another instance is provided by that at Daventry, built 18 years later by the brothers Hiorn.

St. Swithin's was built in 1734-36. All Saints' the third of White's Worcester churches, was not completed until 1742. The interior of All Saints' has been less fortunate than that of the earlier church, having been spoilt, as far as the furnishing is concerned, by Sir Aston Webb. But it is still light and spacious.



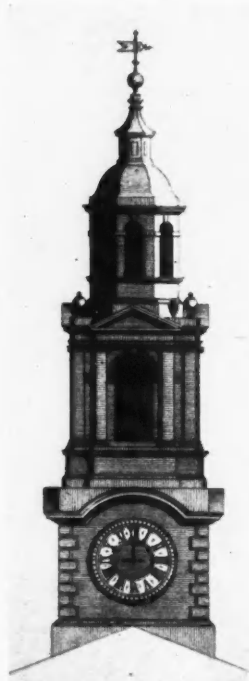
INTERIOR OF ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, WORCESTER

and the tower, which rests on part of the tower of the mediæval church, is a handsome object.

On the analogy of these Worcester churches it is possible to attribute to White two other West Midland churches. The first, St. John's, Gloucester, built 1732-34, has an east front which closely resembles the east front of St. Swithin's, while the nave has the same arrangement of barrel-vaulted central compartment flanked by aisles with flat ceilings as All Saints'. The other is St. Anne's, Bewdley, which also resembles All Saints'; it was begun in 1746 and completed in 1748, the year of White's death.

So much for White's work as an architect. In his will he describes himself as a statuary; in the eighteenth century the term architect had several shades of meaning, varying between the two extremes of the amateur with a taste for sketching elevations and the builder who gave practical effect to the amateur's designs, and the profession of sculpture possibly seemed to White to possess a more definite status. Of his works as sculptor the Guildhall statues have already been mentioned. He also, according to Nash, carved the bust of Bishop Hough in the recess over the east window of All Saints' church, and a bust of George II over the gate-way of Edgar's tower, "for which he is said to have taken only a promise to be invited yearly to the audit dinner." But the demand for church monuments was the mainstay of most English sculptors of this period, and, although Nash does not help us in this matter, it can be shown that White was no exception.

It would be tedious to give particulars of all the monuments I have noted as by White. Not that my list is a long one; anyone with enough



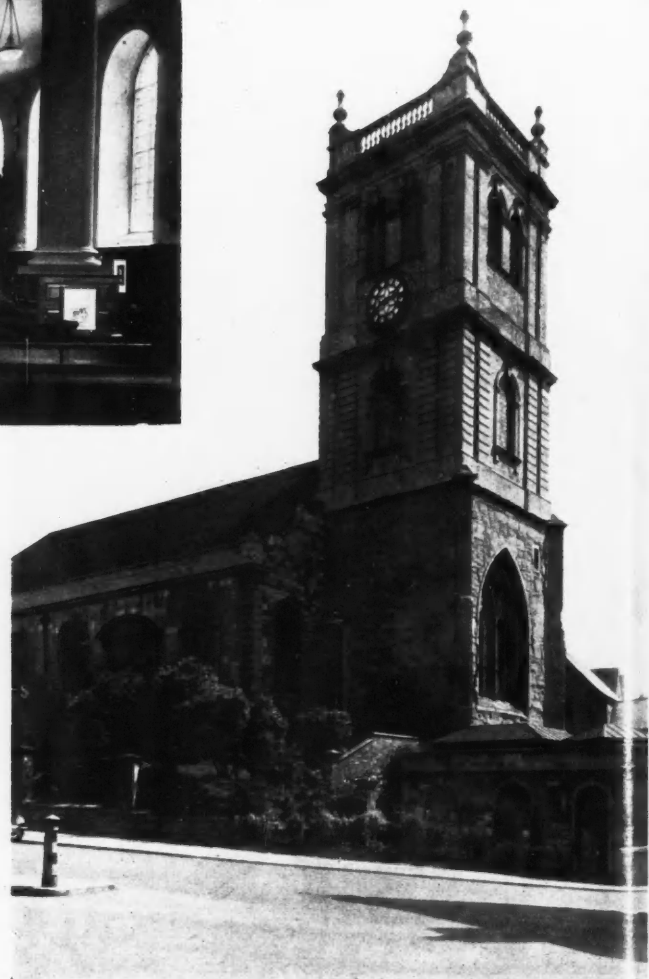
(Above left) REJECTED DESIGN FOR STEEPLE OF ST. MARY-LE-STRAND, BY JAMES GIBBS



National Buildings Record

(Above right) STEEPLE OF ST. NICHOLAS'S WORCESTER, BY WHITE, OPENED 1730

(Below) ALL SAINTS', WORCESTER, COMPLETED 1724





NANFAN TABLET.
BIRTSMORTON. Signed by White

tim and petrol could probably treble it. But a proportion of the monuments are mural tablets of no great interest in themselves. Such, among those which are signed by the sculptor, are the Howe monument at Ripple, Worcestershire (undated), the Peyton monument (c. 1742) in Tewkesbury Abbey, that to John Bridges (d. 1742) at Bosbury, Herefordshire, and that to Bridgis Nanfan and his wife (d. 1704 and 1702 respectively) at Birtsmorton, Worcestershire, while unsigned tablets which are attributable to him because of affinities with these signed works include one to Catherine Palmes (d. 1703) in Worcester Cathedral and one to Anne Dansey (d. 1733) at Strensham.

Mr. R. W. Buchanan-Dunlop, in a valuable paper published in the *Worcestershire Archaeological Society's Transactions* for 1943, notices other minor monuments of this sort; perhaps it adds to the probability of our other attributions that we both, quite independently, ascribed to White the monument to Mary Lyster (d. 1730) in St. Mary's, Shrewsbury.

The only Worcester monument of any size which is actually signed by White seems to be that to Bishop Thomas in the south aisle of the Cathedral. The Bishop died in 1689; the monument, which was set up by his youngest son,



ST. SWITHUN'S, WORCESTER. 1734-36

dates from perhaps a quarter of a century later. It is a plain, even a severe design, consisting of a high tablet resting on a panelled pedestal. Not in itself of much interest, it nevertheless provides a key to other monuments by White, for the pedestal, although the upper part of the monument is marble, is of a grey stone. Not only do we find the same combination of materials in the double monument to Anthony Biddulph (d. 1718) and his wife Constance (d. 1706) at Ledbury, Herefordshire, but we also find that the pedestal of the Thomas monument and the tombs on which the Biddulphs recline are ornamented with floral reliefs, in which the chief motif is a little flat five-petaled flower (which also blooms in profusion in the decorative carvings in Worcester Guildhall), so similar that no one who has seen the monuments could doubt that they were from the same hand. And, as if in confirmation, within a few feet of the Biddulph vault stands the striking monument to Captain Samuel Skynner ("no mean proficient in Maritime affairs"; died in 1725),



BRYDGES TABLET (1742).
BOSBURY. Signed by White

which is signed T. White Wort, and on which the same motif appears.

Another monumental bust which may well be by him is that of Charles Wynde (d. 1716) in Tewkesbury Abbey. But the last monument to be noted here, has a full-length effigy. The monument to Bridgis Nanfan and his wife at Birtsmorton, which is signed by White, is only a small tablet, but on the other side of the chancel stands the large monument, with arms, naval trophy, and a relief of a man-of-war, to Rear-Admiral William Caldwell. The Rear-Admiral died in 1718. His wife, Catherine, was the only surviving issue of the Nanfans commemorated opposite (her first husband had been the Earl of Bellomont) and outlived him by nineteen years. What could be more likely than that she had caused to be set up both monuments, her parents' and her husband's, and had employed the same sculptor for both? Examination of the Caldwell monument turns the probability into a certainty, revealing, besides a general stylistic affinity with White's authenticated works, the five-petaled flower.

Thomas White was not a great architect, and still further was he from being a great sculptor. But the least that can be said of him is that he enriched the English classical tradition with an interesting and vital personality.



MONUMENT TO CAPTAIN SAMUEL SKYNNER (d. 1725). At Ledbury. By White. (Middle) MONUMENT TO REAR-ADMIRAL W. CALDWELL (d. 1718). Birtsmorton. Attributed to White. (Right) DETAIL OF MONUMENT TO ANTHONY BIDDULPH (d. 1718) Ledbury. Attributed to White

A WORKSHOP OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

Written and Illustrated by C. F. F. SNOW



1.—POLES FOR RAKE MAKING: WITHY, ASH, ALDER AND BIRCH ARE USED. Sometimes as many as ten thousand poles are stacked to weather in this way

OUR Saxon forbears scorned the towns the Romans had made and gave their love and loyalty to the little villages and the good soil of the fields. In those days each village was a self-contained unit, having within its enclosures the means of providing food, clothing and implements for all who dwelt there. Here could be found a cobbler, a blacksmith, a thatcher, a hurdle-maker, a miller and all the other craftsmen needed to supply the wants of the community.

These rural craftsmen continued their tradition of service to the working countryside until the machine age, slowly but surely, pushed them aside. These were the men who created the beauty that is England's countryside at its best. They planned and built the trim little villages, they thatched and tiled the roofs, tilled the fields, built the dry walls and trimmed the hedges, planted the woodlands and cared for the trees. Out of a wilderness of forest and swamp, slowly and with infinite patience through the long centuries, the rural craftsman built beauty while striving always for utility and the service of his fellow men.

A few of these essentially rural craftsmen are to be found still, having managed to survive conditions which have destroyed so many of their fellows. They are to be found in the unspoiled villages, where their craft has been passed on from father to son through the generations.

Half hidden in a hollow on Bucklebury Common, Berkshire, is the house and workshop of Mr. H. Wells. The common, gold with gorse in

the early Summer and with curled fern fronds thick round the boles of the birches, sweeps right up to the walls of the building, where wooden rakes, scythe sneads, and mop, mattock and hoe handles are made.

In this roomy workshop can be seen an ancient pole lathe, which is used for turning the various handles. The pole lathe, in use before the dawn of Christianity, has been superseded by the wheel lathe, and more recently, by the power lathe. But the rural craftsman is not, on the whole, progressive; he prefers to follow the tradition of his trade, and so pole lathes can still be seen in use.

Here, too, can be seen the old-fashioned steaming tank, or box, in which the wooden handles are steamed in the rough state, so that they are pliable enough to be straightened, or, in the case of scythe sneads, bent into the desired shape.

The straightening is done by means of a setting arm (Fig. 3), or setting pin as it is sometimes called, a primitive tool made of wood. The scythe sneads are shaped on a scythe bender (Fig. 8), being pulled into position and fastened while still hot from the steaming-box. As they cool they harden into shape.

Wooden hay rakes, like scythes, have vanished from the hayfields. Their place has been taken by implements which, though far



2.—THE POLES ARE CUT BY MEANS OF A CIRCULAR SAW TO THE REQUIRED LENGTH



3.—AFTER STEAMING, HANDLES ARE STRAIGHTENED IN A SETTING PIN



4.—THE HANDLE IS SHAVED IN A HOME-MADE VICE CALLED A BREAK

noisier, are certainly capable of doing their job quickly—a considerable asset in our uncertain climate.

But the day of the scythe and wooden hay rake has not passed completely, for this craftsman and others like him find a ready demand for all they can produce, though to-day they can supply the demand working single-handed, where in days past they employed several men.

A rake handle must be steamed, straightened, shaved (Fig. 4), and then nicely rounded by means of a turning plane (Fig. 5). The rake head is from 28 ins. to 30 ins. long, and is chopped into shape and shaved. Then the holes are bored to take the wooden teeth. These teeth are made in an ingenious way. Split pieces of wood, very similar to the fire-lighting bundles which were used so lavishly before wood became precious, are hammered through a piece of iron tubing fixed in a wooden "horse" (Fig. 6). The worker sits on the "horse" and drives the pieces of wood through the iron tube with a mallet, and nicely rounded rake teeth drop down into the box below. Each rake needs 15 such teeth as these, which have to be hammered into the rake-head.

Mr. Wells has invented a foot-controlled vice, fixed to the ever-useful "horse," which allows him to have both hands free for his work. This foot-control saves time in re-adjusting the vice as the rake head is passed along. The teeth are sharpened by means of a long knife known as a bench knife, and finished and pointed by means of a small rounded draw-shave.

The rake head must then have two holes bored in it so that it can be fixed to the handle. To do this the worker wears a wooden pad on his chest, into which fits the top of the brace and bit. The rake maker calls this a boring pad, but among the Chiltern wood-workers it is known as a breast bib. The rake handle is split into two for a



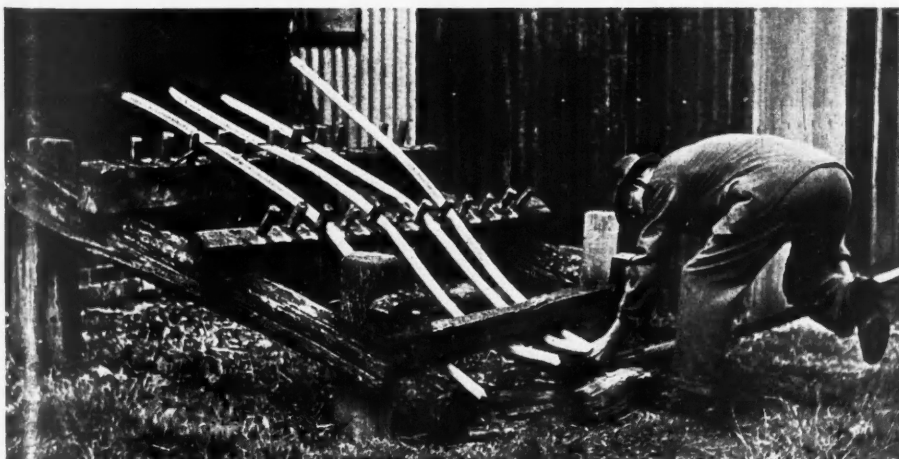
5.—A TURNING PLANE PUTS A GOOD FINISH TO THE HANDLE



6.—TEETH ARE MADE BY DRIVING PIECES OF WOOD THROUGH AN IRON PIPE



7.—AFTER THE TEETH HAVE BEEN FIXED, THE HEAD IS HAMMERED ON TO THE HANDLE



8.—THE SCYTHE-HANDLE OR SNEAD BENDER

Straight from the steam-box, sneads are firmly clamped in this bender and left to set in the correct shape

distance of about 18 ins., and the two ends are pointed to make them fit into the head. A strip of tin is bound round the handle to keep it from splitting any farther, and the rake is ready for use.

More than 150 dozen of these rakes are made in this workshop every year, to say nothing of scythe sneads, mop, hoe, and mattock handles. Some of the mop handles are used by the Navy.

All the handles are made from long wooden poles cut in the near-by copses. Mr. Wells buys enough wood for a year's work, and stacks the poles to weather against an old oak tree which stands on the common (Fig. 1). Sometimes as many as 10,000 poles are stacked.

Here is a true country craftsman, working and living in his natural environment. The material for his work lies close at hand, and when that work is done his leisure is spent in his garden.

It seems a pity that in modern civilisation we cannot find a place for more such craftsmen, instead of fewer and fewer as the years pass. The way in which they enjoy their work and their very real pride in it is something seldom inspired by mechanised labour.

ASPECTS OF MATERNITY

By E. L. GRANT WATSON

A HEN had been bringing up a sitting of guinea-fowls. She had well developed maternal instincts; she was neither greedy nor clumsy as some hens are. She sat patiently the full thirty days necessary for the incubation of young guinea-fowl. This is a long time for a hen whose usual period is twenty-one days. When the small and exceptionally hard-shelled eggs at last cracked, and the young birds emerged, she was careful in the movement of her feet, gentle and easy to handle.

A hen's nature is radically changed by the function of motherhood. When she is broody, she loses that hysterical tendency for sudden alarm, that is usual in hens. She seems to know that one is co-operating with her and does not peck at the hand that arranges the eggs comfortably beneath her, allows herself to be lifted from the nest each morning, protests only slightly, eats her food, drinks her water and performs her necessary functions, and will perhaps so far awake from her sleepy, broody state as to flap her wings, and run around uttering claxon calls which are so characteristic of hens when they have laid an egg. On the other hand, she may, with ruffled feathers, and outstretched neck, crooning to herself some muffled swear-words, return immediately to her nest. As she settles on the eggs the swear-words change to a gentle murmur of praise, a primitive Magnificat.

This marked change in her nature, so physiologists tell us, is due to the action of ductless glands. After a period of ovulation follows a period of broodiness, and this in turn is followed by set and well regulated stages of right behaviour towards her chicks. Some of these stages will develop even if there are no chicks, but they will not continue for long unless chicks are present to add the necessary stimulus to keep them in being.

At first the hen will sit upon the nest most of the time, brooding the chicks which need to be kept warm and have, during the first twenty-four hours, little need of food. As they venture out, on the second day, from under the protection of her feathers, she too will come forth, and scratch about for food, giving the call that bids them eat. She will not stay out for long, but soon returns to the nest to brood them and keep them warm. The food that is provided she does not eat, or only a very little of it. She picks it up in her beak, clucks and lets it drop. She stands proudly among her family with head erect and summons them to their meal. If the food is not of the right quality for young chicks, she will not peck at it, although it may be the very same food which under other conditions she will gobble down greedily. The dusty stuff sold to chicken-keepers and known as "balancer-meal," she ignores altogether, although her sisters, grown accustomed to war-time conditions, in an adjacent pen will scramble hungrily for it. She seems to know that it is *ersatz* and not good for young gizzards. She stalks away, and, contrary to the orthodox behaviour of hens, goes to scratch some ants' nests that her chicks may be fed on food appropriate to the young of the pheasant tribe.

What is it that determines this seeming wisdom? Is it all due to the working of ductless glands? Perhaps it is, and even if it is, what is it that controls the action of the ductless glands? Why does the hen so modify her normal, everyday nature as to act with such assurance in the appropriate manner? A hen with ordinary chicks will eat the "balancer-meal," but not the hen that is rearing young guinea-fowl, and here, it seems, we are in the presence of something which is not easily explainable in terms of physico-chemical reaction.

As I cast about for some kind of vague explanation, the thought of "wireless vibrations" presents itself. Has the hen some invisible and unlocatable receiving-set which is

sensitive to guinea-fowl vibrations, and to "balancer-meal" vibrations, and do these, on that invisible and inlocatable receiving-set register as incompatible? And do, perhaps, ant-cocoons tally well in that same receiving box with young guinea-fowl?

Such a suggestion sounds fantastic, and might well be merely irrelevant were it not borne out by other observations. I once watched numbers of small white butterflies that for several sunny days had been drifting over my garden and the neighbouring cornfields. In the garden were a fair number of cabbages and kale, which as we all know, are the food of the white butterfly's caterpillars. The female butterflies progress hesitatingly; they are engaged in the important business of laying their eggs. They approach any green-leaved plant as though anxious to lay their eggs on it. Broad-bean, runner-bean, sow-thistles and other plants appear equally to attract them just as much as do the cabbages and kales. They seem about to lay their eggs on these other plants, but do not; only on the cabbages and kales or on nasturtiums do they lay their eggs. From their behaviour it would seem obvious that they do not know until the last second whether they are fluttering over an appropriate food plant. (To use the word *know* here is of

course inappropriate. They know nothing, but they behave as though they knew.) Suddenly it would seem some message was communicated, some "bell was rung," and then, in close proximity to kale or cabbage, the tip of the abdomen is bent up and the egg deposited: a direct response to a short-distance message.

So it appears, and so it might also be said to appear in the behaviour of the hen and the guinea-fowl chicks. It may of course be nothing of the kind, for this is no scientific proof. The real control, whatever it is, remains in obscurity; all we can assert is that the individuals follow a pre-ordained line of development. The case of the hen is more complicated than that of the butterfly, but in both cases, the behaviour seems to be determined by the juxtaposition of objects.

When the hen has been separated from her chicks, she will soon revert to the customary behaviour of hens and will greedily rush towards any food she can secure. Again physiologists will tell us, that the balance of hormones has been changed. Perhaps. But what has changed this balance? The presence or the absence of the chicks?

No answer can safely be attempted, but it is interesting and I hope instructive to compare these two aspects of maternity, and interesting too, to speculate, however vaguely, as to what the power may be which guides these unconscious creatures. The answer which asserts that it is the change in ductless glands in response to season and environment merely begs the question.

A ONE-SHOT COURSE

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

I HAVE a friend for whom I have the greatest respect and affection, but with whom on the subject of golf I seem regularly to disagree. One of the articles of his creed, from which I whole-heartedly dissent, is that a course should consist of only fourteen holes but that those fourteen should be as long in point of yards as a full-length eighteen holes. Further he holds that it should have no one-shot holes, since it would furnish plenty of difficult approach shots which would do as well. Reflecting the other day on this detestable heresy of his—and it makes my legs ache to think of it—I wondered as to an eighteen-hole course that should consist entirely of holes to be reached from the tee. That, too, it seems to me, would be an agonising course; it would be easy on the legs but very hard on the nerves.

A short hole is nearly always one that agitates the player. If at all worthy of the name it demands a considerable measure of accuracy and moreover it punishes inaccuracy with a bunker, sometimes of great severity, or with a choice of bunkers. It brings to mind the old story (a chestnut as I know but I am fond of it) of the short hole, the eighth I think, at Westward Ho! and the Blackheath golfer who was in moments of excitement rather shaky in his aitches. "I call this 'ole the Halligator 'ole,'" he was supposed to say, "because it's full of 'ungry jaws waiting to devour you.'" It was, at any rate, called the Alligator hole and is so still, I hope, by a few grey-bearded lovers of tradition. That is one of the marked features of good short holes that there is always something waiting to devour your ball. So this imaginary course of mine would keep the player constantly on the stretch. The best and sternest of courses normally possess a few tee shots which can be faced with a reasonably light heart, but on this course there would be an unceasing demand for straightness and unrelenting punishment for error. "When I play with so-and-so," a professional golfer once observed, "I always leave my niblick at home." No matter how trying his adversary, nobody would dare to do that on such a course.

Still pursuing this train of thought I began to enumerate some famous short holes that might find places on the course. I was not

deliberately trying to choose an "eclectic" course but rather setting down the first that came into my head. As I did so it occurred to me that I was thinking of all or nearly all of them not by numbers but by names. It is probably a fact that of the holes that are habitually spoken of by names a large proportion are one-shot holes. This is partly because they appeal vividly to the imagination and partly because they often possess some notably formidable bunker. To-day we are grown sophisticated, but once upon a time the designer's notion of a short hole was to choose the highest available hill and drive over it to a green beyond, and hills naturally lend themselves to naming.

One or two obvious exceptions came into my mind. There is no name for the fifth hole at Worlington, perhaps the finest and most diabolically difficult one-shotter in all golf. Nor is there one for another most notable hole, the sixth at Walton Heath, where we think for a moment that we are safe and then the ball slowly and remorselessly turns away down a gentle slope that ends in a bunker. Leaving them out of account, however, I took my pencil and, "all done in the crack of a whip and on horseback too," produced my list of eighteen. Naturally I began with the High hole, the devilish eleventh at St. Andrews, and then Hoylake, where all the holes are religiously named, provided me with a bunch of four, the Cop, the Dowie, the Alps and the Rushes. Sandwich was nearly as rich with the Sahara, the Maiden and Hades; The Sandy Parlor from Deal next door instantly suggested itself, and there was my first nine complete.

I started homeward with Cader from Aberdovey; no one would grudge me that, or it is in the right, blind, mountainous tradition and I should put it in whatever anybody said. It naturally brought in its train the Cader from the neighbouring Harlech, though perhaps the name belongs rather to the bunker than the hole. My friend the Alligator from Westward Ho! came next into my head, followed by another celebrated mountain or rather range of mountains, the Himalayas, guarding the fifth hole at Prestwick. They in their turn suggested Majuba at Burnham. I had so far forgotten the

Redan from North Berwick, impossible to leave out, and from North Berwick it was a short step to Muirfield for the Postage Stamp, which is the thirteenth. Then there was that other Postage Stamp at Troon, and I really do not know which of the two holes has the prior claim to the title. It is not a name that I altogether approve, though it is smart and descriptive enough. It is a little facetious and I like my names solemn, just as I like my inn sign-boards in the fine old crusted heraldic style rather than smacking of *nouveau art* as the modern ones do. That, however, is a digression; I was left with one place to fill and instantly bethought me of the Island at Ashdown Forest, with its green perilously perched between streams.

As I said before, this was not and is not intended to represent my choice of the eighteen best holes or anything like it; they were simply those whose names sang themselves in my head like familiar quotations. Two thoughts now occur to me about this list. One, which is sad or cheering according as you are a lover of improvements or a sentimental traditionalist, is

that a number of those celebrated holes may have kept their names but have changed their characters. The Alps at Hoylake once called for a blind shot over a big hill; now the player drives from the top of the hill to an alarming green, narrowly beset, and can see it waiting to be won. The Rushes too has kept its old name but is in fact an entirely new hole, with a new tee and a new green and not the ghost of a rush. The Sandy Parlour, once the pride of Deal, is likewise an entirely fresh hole and, I must add, an infinitely better one than its predecessor. The Maiden has the same green as of old but that is all, and at Hades you can see where you are going.

Eternal Summer gilds them yet.

But all, except their sun, is set.

At Majuba the shot is no longer over the hill-top but across a valley to a wholly visible green, and the Muirfield Postage Stamp is a new creation. The sum total of improvement in the whole list is unquestionably great, but too often only the shadow of a mighty name survives.

My other thought is that there is only a

single inland hole in the eighteen and that is the Island at Ashdown. I have mentioned two that would go in an eclectic list, but they are nameless, and it is clear that names are of slow growth and belong chiefly to the elder seaside courses. They do not flourish amid the more modern heather, or if they do I cannot recall them. One short hole at Sunningdale used, if I remember rightly, to be called Spion Kop, but the name seems to have gone out of use. I rack my brains and all I can think of is the Devil's Hop-Scotch from my old friend Royston. It is an engaging name but I think it was seldom used and may indeed have sprung from the brain of the small caddie who told it me ages ago. It is also an appropriate name, since the valley, in which lie the greens, is roughly divided into squares by low grassy ridges, and so is reminiscent of the chalked squares on the pavement in which that, to me, mysterious game is played. I wish with all my heart there were more holes with names, but I suppose they only arise where men play chiefly on a single course, and to-day we are restless gad-about and play on too many.

CORRESPONDENCE

MEDALS AND STARS

SIR,—I was delighted to see Major Jarvis take up the cudgels in his Notes on behalf of those who fought for over two years in the Western Desert in the early days and who do not qualify for the "8" clasp.

I think it might reinforce his argument to add that the clasp was not awarded to those who served in the 8th Army from the time of its formation. This Army was formed about mid-1941. The clasp is awarded only to those who fought with the 8th Army from October 22, 1942, the opening day of the battle of Alamein, at any time till the close of the campaign six months later. Many who fought from then on were newly-arrived troops, so we have the strange anomaly of this clasp being awarded for a six-months' campaign when our armament and air cover were never better, while nothing but the bare ribbon was given to those who carried the brunt of the war for two years previously. The thing just does not make sense. It is futile to say we give clasps only for victories, for we gave a highly prized one for the retreat from Mons, and in any case history will prove Wavell's first desert victory to have been an even greater one in the circumstances than Alamein. If ever a special rosette or clasp were deserved it is for that epic victory of the days of our loneliness with the full might of Italy and Germany arrayed against us.—JOHN A. BROTHERS (Lt.-Col., R.A., T.A.), Pine House, Whalley New Road, Blackburn, Lancashire.

A POPE JOAN BOX

From the Lady Seaton.

SIR,—I was very much interested in Mr. C. A. Richards's letter and draw-

ing of a Pope Joan board. Here I have a lacquer box with mother-of-pearl counters in smaller boxes and it also has 12 trays fitting into it which are evidently for Pope Joan. The ace, king, queen, knave, 10 and 9 of diamonds have each a tray; then there is one with the king and queen, I suppose representing Matrimony, and one with the knave and queen—or is it a young woman for Intrigue? One has "Game" on it and three have little Chinese men on them playing an instrument.—MABEL SEATON, Bosahan, Helston, Cornwall.

[The rules of Pope Joan were given in our issue of June 22 last.—ED.]

THE HEALING TREES

SIR,—As COUNTRY LIFE has published one or two articles on the planting of trees to hide various kinds of industrial scars, I thought the two photographs enclosed might be of interest. One, taken last month, shows an experimental plot in a research nursery: a small bed consisting chiefly of clinkers has been sown with broom and larch seed: the seedlings of both are doing quite well though they are, not unexpectedly, dwarfed by the seedlings in the control plot near by. The other photograph, taken a few years ago, shows Nature's own happy attempts to heal an eyesore—a clay-pit in Dorset. The result is a pleasant pool, ringed by Scotch pine and birch. The natural process (often tardy) can usually be expedited by the planting of young trees.

It may be necessary to use broad-leaved trees because the scars are in smoky districts, and conifers are much less smoke-tolerant than broad-leaved

trees. Plane and lime are perhaps the best trees for really smoky atmospheres—if the soil is good enough. Where the soil is very poor or wet, silver birch or alder (respectively) are indicated. The poplars (including aspen) and willows may also prove useful. There must be very many scars made by war industries which might with advantage be decently veiled by tree-planting. May I hope that, by 1960, you will be receiving photographs of successful efforts in this field.—BYWAYMAN, Oxford.

CHANGING NATURE

SIR,—A *propos* of Major A. G. Wade's interesting letter complaining of the changing habits of Nature and of the sudden disappearance of plants, I well remember, as a small boy, finding the insectivorous sundew flowering every Summer on Lingwood Common, Danbury. Although that common is much the same to-day and has not been encroached on to any great extent, the sundew seems to have entirely disappeared.

I was told as a boy that there was only one other place in England, namely in Westmorland, where wild sundew was to be found. I wonder if this is true. Possibly some of your readers may be able to confirm or deny this.—F. B. HITCHCOCK (Major), Bay Lodge, Danbury, Chelmsford, Essex.

TIT TACTICS

SIR,—Once or twice last year in cold weather I had the pleasure of watching two great tits negotiating a small piece of fat hanging by a short length of string from a nail on the edge of a bird-table.

Tit No. 1 tried to solve the problem of reaching the fat by pulling up the string with its beak and holding it with its claw, but, at first, always failed to realise that more than one hitch was necessary. The fat hung diagonally. The single hitch which the bird gave to the string brought the higher end of the fat to the table edge, but on the other side of the nail. The lower end of the fat, nearest to the bird, remained out of reach. After several failures, the tit let go the string, hopped round the nail, and repeated the process of pulling up the



BROOM AND LARCH SEEDLINGS

See letter: The Healing Trees

fat, this time successfully, and with only one hitch.

Next morning, what appeared to be the same tit tackled the problem again, on what it had found to be the wrong side of the nail, but this time it pulled up the string without hesitation, making three successive hitches with its claws, and bringing the lower end of the fat within reach. When it let go, the fat fell again to the full length of the string below the nail.

Tit No. 2 then faced the problem. It also pulled up the string, making several hitches with its claws, but with each hitch the bird moved away from the nail, bringing the fat within reach on the table-edge, eventually, at the same distance from the nail as the length of the string when hanging.

These may be normal antics on the part of great tits, but they are new in my experience, and may be of interest. Perhaps we shall see them repeated this Winter.—CHARLES REITH, Wrens, Wadbridge, Cornwall.

MUTE SWANS

SIR,—Miss Frances Pitt's interesting article on the mute swan in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE tempts me to send footnotes.

A *propos* of the swan as a weed-destroyer, it may be recalled that in 1938 the Bradford-on-Avon Council was reported to have decided that it would cost less to provide supplementary food for swans than to clean the river bed by hand. Also, swans



AN OLD CLAY-PIT IN DORSET

See letter: The Healing Trees

were the instruments in another successful effort in biological control at Manchester. A firm found that its textiles were being stained by something in the emergency supplies of surface water which they had to use. The something proved to be spawn, and the trouble seemed incurable until someone suggested swans: one pair of birds soon did the trick.

I think that swans have perhaps been used more as food, and in more recent times, than Miss Pitt suggests. One firm in, I think, Norwich has certainly advertised fat cygnets for banquets within the last 20 years. Swans were commonly eaten in the days of Queen Victoria, who is said always to have sent a swan to every member of the Royal Family for New Year's Day. At a banquet Disraeli found some slices of roast swan "very white and tender"; and someone else recorded that the flavour was between that of goose and hare.

The royal swans were usually accompanied by Cumberland sauce, which some held should have been Cambridge sauce on the grounds that it was invented, or first composed, by the old Duke Adolphus of Cambridge, grandfather of Queen Mary. I have never eaten swan but a friend who killed a nearly full-grown cygnet and roasted it in a brick bread-oven found it delicious.

A propos of the beauty of swans. In flight, yes, but on land swans are ungainly, if not actually ugly, and a swan on the water should cry *touché* to the gibe about a cheap china ornament! Miss Pitt is doubtless correct about the popularity of swans, but it is interesting that she mentions the robin as the competitor for first place. Among non-raptorial birds it would be difficult to find two more aggressive and odiously bullying characters than the swan and the robin. Swans attack and drown many smaller waterfowl and there is much truth in the saying that you can see a swan's teeth but not its eyes. Again, I think Miss Pitt is right, but it says little for popular taste that robins and swans should be preferred to such charming creatures as grey wagtails and partridges, long-tailed tits and peewits, nuthatches and curlews.—J. D. U. W., Oxford.

WHAT HOUSE?

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of a small water-colour drawing I have, in the hope that the house may be identified. The drawing measures $9\frac{1}{4}$ inches by $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches. In the border, at the bottom, is the name of the house and its owner, but being in very faint pencil, part is illegible. I can make out "Castle Hill (Lodge?) the Seat of —". Also in the right-hand bottom corner of the actual drawing is a signature in ink. This also is very indistinct, but it looks as if it might be J. or T. P. Neale, 1814. Could this be an original drawing for one of the plates in Neale's *Views of*



WHITE PARK BAY, CO. ANTRIM, OWNED BY THE NATIONAL TRUST

See letter: A National Trust Acquisition

Gentlemen's Seats? — ANTHONY HOWARD, St. Clare, Bembridge, I.O.W.

GREAT SKUA OFF CORNWALL

SIR,—While on the bridge in bad weather off the Cornish coast late in October, I saw what I believed to be a great skua. It was flying low over the water in company with two great black-backed gulls, and was as big as or bigger than they. When I focused my binoculars on it I was struck by the clear wing-stripes at the base of the primaries, and the curved, hawk-like beak. Enclosed are fair copies of the very rough sketches which I made at the time, in the hope that they will assist you to confirm my belief. Do you think that the sixty-knot gale which was raging out in the Atlantic at the time could account for this visit? — DAVID WYNNE, R.N.V.R., H.M.S. Pretoria Castle, c/o G.P.O., London.

[The great skua, which breeds in the Orkneys and Shetlands, wanders south in Winter and there is nothing improbable in seeing one off the Cornish coast. The excellent sketches confirm the identification.—ED.]

FAMILY PRAYERS AT WESTON

SIR,—In the charming conversation piece of the Bridgeman family published in your third article on Weston, there is an organ in the background. This seems to indicate that the picture was painted in the hall, and not, as

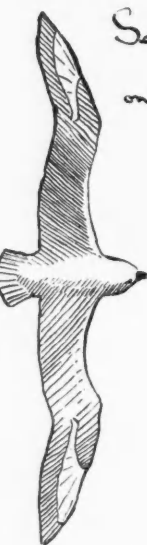


A HOUSE FOR IDENTIFICATION

See letter: What House?

suggested, in the orangery. Let me quote from a letter dated October 5, 1784, written by Miss Sarah Ponsonby (one of the Ladies of Llangollen) to her kinswoman Mrs. Tighe—from a descendant of whom I have many letters on loan:

You will be surprised to hear that we have infringed our resolution of



Seen off Cornwall at 1430
on 25th Oct., flying low in a squall



dark brown with pale streaks on



wings, curved beak. Length a
gt. b. back gull.

D.W.

See letter: Great Skua off Cornwall

never passing a night from our Cottage and were tempted by the kind solicitations of the Bridgeman family to pass two days since I wrote last at Weston . . . the order and decorum with which so large a family are conducted really surprised us. We attribute it in a

this lovely, rugged and completely unspoiled stretch of Ulster's Atlantic coastline.

The purchase price of £1,250 the Association eventually raised, £500 being given towards it by the Trustees of the Pilgrim Trust. White Park Bay has since been handed over to the safekeeping of the National Trust for all time, and will therefore always remain as it is now.

When builders and their material become more abundant, the Youth Hostel Association of Northern Ireland tell me that they intend to erect a new hostel—there is a small one there now—but it will be outside the area taken in by the Bay.—L. G. G. RAMSEY, 5, Thurlby Croft, Mulberry Close, Hendon, N.W.4.

SWEET POTATOES

SIR,—I read with interest Mr. R. Shaw Adams's letter on sweet potatoes, published in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE. The sweet potato is very common in India and Ceylon, and I have eaten it many times in these countries. I cannot agree with Mr. Shaw Adams's description of it as being "very succulent" or with his view that the sweet potato, if imported, "would form a welcome addition to our diet." Personally, I dislike sweet potato in any shape or form, and have invariably found that this view is shared by the majority of troops serving out East.

At present we are getting sweet potatoes in the rations here and they always receive considerable criticism in the Mess.

One of the many things I am looking forward to, on returning home, is to be able to eat good English potatoes again and "get away" from sweet potatoes. I sincerely hope that no serious attempts will be made to import the sweet potato as suggested by Mr. R. Shaw Adams.—K. C. R. (Major, R. Signals), c/o Chief Signals Officer, Air Formation Signals, Malaya, Singapore.

BEEES AS TIPPLERS

SIR,—The letter from Mr. E. R. Martin in COUNTRY LIFE on the subject of what bees do with the water they drink greatly interested me.

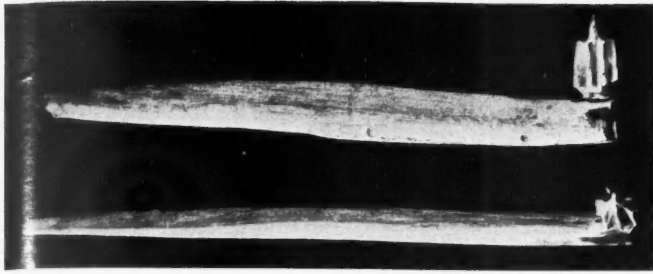
The solution to the mystery which the writer suggests—that bees do not carry water to their hives but that they need the liquid to flush their digestive systems—is quite new to me.

While not questioning the accuracy of Mr. Martin's statement, for I have not sufficiently studied the matter, I feel that we are still faced with some perplexities. If bees thus need water (apart from the large percentage existing in the composition of honey) how is it that, during the long Winter months in, say, Canada and North America, where hives are packed away indoors owing to the

A NATIONAL TRUST ACQUISITION

SIR,—I enclose a photograph showing White Park Bay, County Antrim, Northern Ireland, which lies between Dunseverick, famous for the legend and history attached to the gaunt remains of its castle, and the Giant's Causeway.

I took it this year on June 19 when I was in Ulster on holiday, and, by a curious coincidence, I now find that that date was the exact day upon which the National Trust reached its centenary. I have since also learned that, in 1938, the Youth Hostel Association of Northern Ireland inaugurated a fund for the purchase of

**"ENGINES" USED IN STRAW BRAID-MAKING***See letter: Braid-maker's Tools*

excessive cold, the bees, which are consuming quantities of honey but which are taking no outdoor exercise, disperse altogether with water?

Drones, too, I have never seen driving at bee watering-places. To judge from their enviable but indolent way of life, they would not consider any avoidable journey to fetch water as at all necessary. Again, we are told that young bees spend the first fortnight of their lives working in the hive and do not sally forth. The queen, apparently, is far too busy laying eggs to drink anything except what is put into her mouth.

I hope one day to find a watering-place well frequented by bees and to make a considerable number. Should most of these return repeatedly I should be inclined to question the theory that they are merely going round the corner for a drink. Such an experiment, of course, would be much easier to stage in a very dry country where suitable watering-places are scarce, than in our climate, where there is usually no difficulty in finding the liquid—too much of it, indeed.

I have always looked upon those "water-bees," which we see leaving their hives at not very short intervals in most inclement weather, as martyrs to the common cause, but I see that I may have been wrong. Perhaps I should have eyed them disdainfully as mere tipplers!—C. N. BUZZARD, *Newbury, Berkshire.*

**A SCOTCH PINE IN A LOOP***See letter: The Tough Scotch Pine***AN ANCIENT FONT**

SIR,—You were good enough, some weeks ago, to publish a letter of mine headed *What Ancient Font Is This?*

It has brought quite a number of letters from widely separated counties, and our readers may be interested to learn that all the writers save one state that the font is in the fine old Church of St. Mary of Haura (or the harbour) at New Shoreham, Sussex. It is a fine 13th century font, and very beautiful of its kind, and well preserved.—CLIVE HOLLAND, *Ealing, W.5.*

BRAID-MAKER'S TOOLS

SIR,—In the county of Essex some 60 years ago my grandmother earned her living by the art of braid-making.

The odd-looking objects depicted in the accompanying photograph which my grandmother called "engines," were in constant use in the process of making the braid. They are made of wood and were probably shaped with a knife.

Their use consisted of inserting the cog-shaped end into the end of a piece of straw and then pulling it down. The straw thus split was then flattened and plaited up into braid.

During this process the worker's hands were greased to prevent them being cut and made sore.

The braid was then wound on boards a yard long and sent to town to be used in the manufacture of straw hats.

It is possible that some of your readers may have a fuller knowledge of the process and could enlighten us further.—J. KING, 27, *Pragnell Road, Lee, S.E.12.*

THE TOUGH SCOTCH PINE

SIR,—I enclose a snapshot of a Scotch pine curiosity. It speaks for itself. It is to be seen near Thetford, whose great plantations of Scotch and Corsican pines are making the largest forest "south of Trent."

Of course, as these trees suggest, some Scotch pines did exist in this locality (where they were used for shelter belts) before the afforestation work of the nineteenth-century, but it was of this area, now so rich in young timber, that William Gilpin wrote in 1769:

Nothing to be seen on either side but sand and scattered gravel without the least vegetation—a mere African desert.

M. HUBBARD, *Lulworth, Poplar Grove, Kennington, Oxford.*

FRUIT OF MALAYA

SIR,—Now that Malaya is becoming better known, Penang perhaps should be especially complimented since it produces that "Emperor of Fruit" the duri-an (*duri* = thorn). The size may be judged by the tennis ball in my photograph.

This famous and delectable fruit with its creamy custard-like content has never been known to cause any ill effects.—A. W. POLGLASE, *Callington, Cornwall.*

DICE-BOX TUMBLERS

SIR,—I have in my possession a dice-box tumbler exactly similar to that illustrated in *Collectors' Quests*, in COUNTRY LIFE. The only difference

is that mine has hunting symbols on it—on one side are a hunting cap with a spur below, and on the other side a hunting horn and whip intertwined.—E. W. MINTON BEDDOES (Capt.), *Minton House, Church Stretton, Shropshire.*

Several other readers have kindly supplied particulars of dice-box tumblers.—ED.

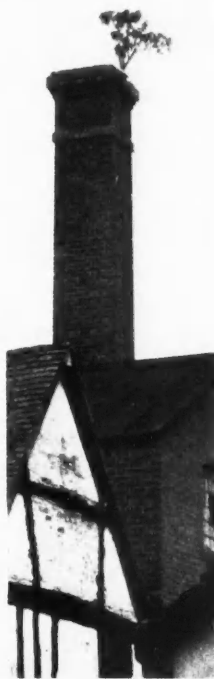
VERDUN TREES

SIR,—Shortly after the battle of Verdun, the Mayor of that town sent over a quantity of chestnuts and acorns. Euston, I think it was, sold them in boxes for some railway charity. We bought some and grew six or seven trees.

When the war was over I tried to find out if any avenue was to be planted, but quite in vain. Perhaps some of your readers had a similar experience. I should be so interested to hear.—M. HAMMOND, *St. Mary's Mansions, Paddington Green, W.2.*

TREE ON A CHIMNEY-TOP

SIR,—During a recent visit to Tewkesbury I noticed the unusual sight of a tree growing from a disused chimney. Instances of trees growing out of the ruins of walls of old buildings are quite common and understandable, but it is rather difficult to understand how sufficient nourishment from mere bricks and mortar is available on a chimney-top to enable this tree—an elder—to grow to such an extent. I understand that blooms are borne each Spring.—F. LUMBERS, 29, *Melbourne Road, Leicester.*

**AN ELDER TREE GROWING FROM A DISUSED CHIMNEY***See letter: Tree on a Chimney-top*

One of the best-known examples of buildings providing rooting space for trees is the Great Arch at Eastbury, Dorset; while at Fishtoft, Lincolnshire, until about a year ago, a tree grew from the roof of the church tower.—ED.

THOMAS GANDY

SIR,—In an article on Elton Hall, Herefordshire, you describe a painting as by T. Gaudy. I have been wondering if it is not one of T. Gaudy's pictures. The whole composition is so very much like his work that I wondered if there had been some mistake. The *n* in Gaudy could be so easily taken for a *u*. Thomas Gaudy was the son of Joseph Gaudy, who was a well-known artist and architect. A great many of his pictures are to be seen at the Soane Museum. Thomas Gaudy was married in 1836 and was a portrait painter.

May I say here how much we enjoy reading COUNTRY LIFE, and

send our copy a long round.—W. L. TOULMIN-SMITH (né Gandy), *Hogarth Cottage, Hook, North Hampshire.*

The author of this article writes: I must take responsibility for this statement, saying only that the signature seemed to me clearly to be Gaudy, although I was naturally unable to trace such an artist, and am aware of the various members of the Gandy family. It is interesting to

**THIS LITTLE GOAT WENT TO MARKET***See letter: A Burden-bearer*

know that Thomas was the son of Joseph Michael Gaudy, the architect.—ED.

A BURDEN-BEARER

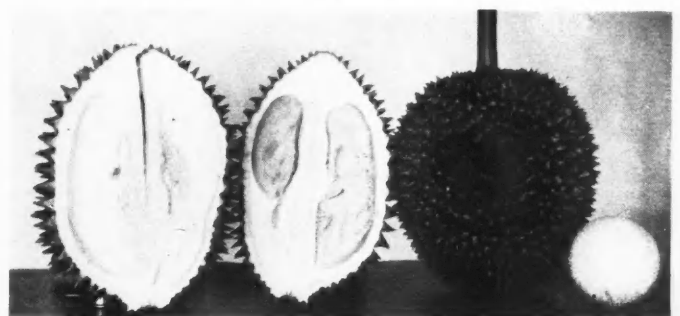
SIR,—The photograph I enclose comes from Nigeria. It shows a 10-year-old girl carrying a live goat to market at Ilorin. It seems extraordinary that such a small child is able to support such a burden, and the Western-looking bowl adds to the bizarre effect of the whole.—M. L., *N.W.5*

A BANTAM PERFORMANCE

SIR,—I don't know whether this account of our bantams would be of interest. We had three hens, hatched on April 28, 1944, and they started laying on September 14—at 20 weeks old. After eight months, we only had two left, and from May 19 till August 2 one of these was sitting and afterwards looking after her brood of four chicks, so that only one little hen was left to lay. The total of eggs for the year, from September 14 last year till September 14 this year, is 394, which is really very good, we think.

The little hens are so tame, and when we had tea in the garden they and the chickens all came, and ate all they could get!

They rarely lay in the same place

**THE DURI-AN, HALVED AND WHOLE, COMPARED WITH A TENNIS BALL***See letter: Fruit of Malaya*

for more than ten days at a time, and quite a lot of time is spent in hunting about for their eggs, as they are kept on a disused tennis court, with rough ground round it. I'm sure there are no records attached to this, but we do think it is a very good performance. —FRANCES C. ANDERSON, *Shrub Farm, Castle Combe, Chippenham, Wiltshire.*

A DENTAL FLOOR

SIR,—In a recent issue of your interesting paper, no date is given to the floor of horses' teeth at Heythrop.

The 6th Duke of Beaufort rented Heythrop, as a hunting-box, from Lord Shrewsbury, for many years, until the house was burned down in 1835. The Duke died shortly after.

Mr. Albert Brassey had the house restored in the early 1870s and was M.F.H. from 1873 to 1913. It would be interesting to know which of these two great sportsmen had the floor laid.

There is a beautiful floor made of black and white marble and horses' teeth, 15 feet 6 inches by 10 feet 6 inches, in the grotto at Carnes Seat,

the hungry young monster.—H. WORTLEY, *Dora Villa, 59, Vicarage Road, Tottenham, N.17.*

ILLUSTRATED ENVELOPES

SIR,—Some time ago you published an article and letters on Illustrated Note-paper. The enclosed may be of interest to your readers. In turning out some old papers I came across several of these illustrated envelopes. You can see the date from the post-mark, March 6, 1862.

The sample I enclose is as I found it, with the other side of the envelope gone, but I send you this one, as you can see the engraving better.—M. ARMSTRONG-MACDONNELL, *Broomlands, Beattock, Dumfriesshire.*

[Is it possible that this was not an envelope, but a precursor of the modern letter-card?—ED.]

A FREAK PLAICE

SIR,—A plaice with very peculiar marking was found among six bought here recently. It was the same as all the others on the back,

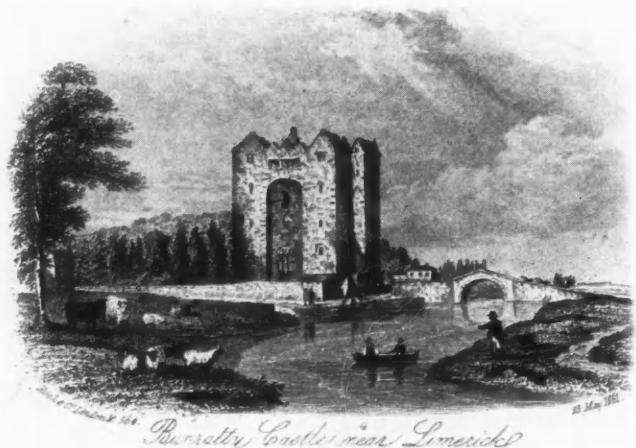
but only half of the under-side was white, the tail half being marked the same as on the back, with the red spots quite as brilliant. The dividing line between the halves was very irregular, and the margin of it shaded off for about a quarter of an inch before giving place to the white; but the line of change still remained fairly sharp.

I have never before seen flat fish of any kind with any of the markings of the back reproduced on the under-side and find it difficult to think of any satisfactory explanation of how this particular fish came to develop such an uncommon marking. If exposure to light has anything to do with causing the markings on flat fish, then one would imagine the hinder half of this specimen must have been exposed in some way.—J. C., *Dumbartonshire.*

A SUFFOLK WAGON

SIR,—Here I am red, green and blue, Ready for your work to do, Keep me clean; and lend me not, For if you do you'll suffer for 't.

Is an old Suffolk verse descriptive of what was once a greatly prized possession of the farmer—a wagon? And considering the artistry which went to



AN ILLUSTRATED ENVELOPE WITH POST-MARK 1862

See letter: Illustrated Envelopes

the designing and fashioning of these land-ships, it is not without significance, for they were often made to last 200 years. I send you a photograph of an old one which I found being fitted with a new wheel in a wheelwright's yard at Westleton, Suffolk. It shows some nice butterfly chamfering, with split baluster decoration; while the head of the shafts has some nicely turned work. The ends of the summers (the longitudinal timbers that support the floor) and the bolster are also decorated with tooling. —ALLAN JOBSON, *Beauchamp Cottage, 21, Crown Dale, S.E.19.*

BUTTERFLIES IN ITALY

SIR,—I was most interested to read the letter from Lieutenant Richardson in COUNTRY LIFE. I am at the moment in Aosta among the Italian Alps, and although I arrived here only at the end of the Summer I saw enough, and caught enough, butterflies to convince me that this part of Italy is a collector's paradise. I too have caught a large copper, but it is certainly not *Dispar*. Hairstreaks are very scarce; I have only seen a few green and one dead purple on the bonnet of a jeep. Fritillaries abounded everywhere, even as high as the Great St. Bernard Pass, approximately 6,000 feet. There they were represented by the Queen of Spain, which seems to be everywhere, and a very small, sharp-winged variety something like a small pearl-bordered.

As I was so late in coming to this area I saw only one very worn Apollo,

but this gave me a great thrill, as from childhood the Apollo has always meant real mountain butterflies to me. A very large and handsome fritillary, rather like a greenish silverwashed, is abundant above 1,500 feet. Both of the clouded yellows are very common, the pale clouded being usually very small and really common only above 3,000 feet. The meadow brown family is well represented, some of the larger varieties being very fine indeed. I must have seen at least a dozen different members. Peacocks are not at all common, I have seen fewer than half a dozen in over two years in Italy; the red admiral is now everywhere, while the painted lady was common along the Adriatic coast, but I have yet to find it here. The Camberwell beauty I have seen only when I have had no means of catching it; it seems to like woody roadsides about 3,000 feet up.

I rather think that Lieutenant Richardson when he mentioned the white admiral was confusing it with the almost identical Camilla. This last is very common in Italy; I caught many last Summer near Vasto, and I found the larvæ and pupæ in great profusion near Alessandria in June and July of this year. The former, Sybilla, I have never seen out here. Incidentally the death's-head moth seems to be fairly common; I found several larvæ of both the green and black variety near Alessandria, and my Italian driver tells me that the mountain farmers kill lots that they find in their potato patches.

The large peacock moth is very common here in the early Spring, flying into lighted rooms at night, while later on the larvæ can be easily found, mainly on apple and pear. Blues are well represented too, but I have not seen the long- and short-tailed ones farther north than the Ancona area. High in the mountains in August I found the Adonis blue and what seems to be a close relative of the chalkhill blue, as well as several others that for lack of a book I cannot identify. Skippers are everywhere, the large and silver-studded being found quite high up.

Perhaps the most noticeably abundant moth is the red underwing. This is every where from early Summer, and sometimes as many as six would be settled on my bedroom wall each morning during early August. I have not yet mentioned the "swallow-tails"; both *Machaon* and *Podilirius* are very common; the latter does not occur above 2,000 feet. Bath whites and wood whites are commoner farther south, but a butterfly resembling the wood white very closely is found above 4,000 feet. It may be a mountain variety, but I think it is a distinct species.

I am looking forward to some happy hunting in the future.—E. G. TOOMER (Capt., R.A.), *Piemonte Region, Allied Commission, C.M.F.*



BUTTERFLY CHAMFERING AND SPLIT BALUSTER DECORATION ON A FARM WAGON

See letter: A Suffolk Wagon

Goodwood, Sussex, laid down for Charles, Duke of Richmond in 1743.

Also there is a garden path and Summer-house floor, made of horses' cannon-bones driven into the ground, in a cottage garden at Dummer, Hampshire, made about 1800 by the occupier, George Sharp, when he was huntsman to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV, who then kept his hounds at Kempsot. George Sharp was buried in Dummer churchyard. Charles Davis, the celebrated huntsman of the Queen's Buck Hounds, married George Sharp's daughter.—P. C. PUCKLE, *Naval and Military Club, W.1.*

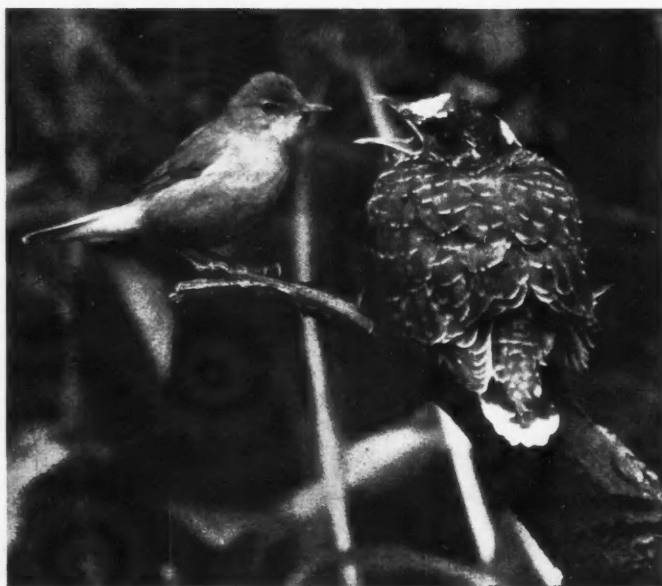
A CUCKOO'S FOSTER-PARENTS

SIR,—One evening during the past Summer, in company with a naturalist friend, I was searching a Thames-side osier bed near Wallingford, Berkshire, when an interesting occurrence took place. We noticed four fawn-coloured birds in a limited area, all carrying food and behaving in a very agitated manner.

Concealing ourselves, we saw the birds quickly resolve into two pairs of garden-warblers, and close to where we were hiding, one pair visited their nest, which contained five young about one week old. To our delight, we noticed that the second pair were rearing a lusty young cuckoo which clutched at the remains of the warblers' nest and flattened it out of recognition.

As the garden-warbler is a somewhat uncommon foster-parent, we returned a few days later, when the young cuckoo was growing restless. The cuckoo was placed on a convenient perch; my camera was set up a few feet away, and after my friend had camouflaged me with willow wands and reeds, the two warblers were quickly in attendance.

The enclosed photograph shows one of the birds gazing quizzically at



THE GARDEN-WARBLER AND THE CUCKOO

See letter: A Cuckoo's Foster-parents

PROGRESS AT GOODINGS

By ANTHONY HURD

IN farming we have hardly noticed the transition from war to peace. At Goodings, the COUNTRY LIFE estate in Berkshire, as on every farm, there has been no relaxation of our efforts to grow all the food we can and wherever possible to increase further the yields of milk and tillage crops. The Minister of Food has told the country plainly that food supplies are more difficult to-day than during the war years.

Goodings, like other farms, is showing the strain of war-time cropping in the inevitable neglect of maintenance jobs. Mr. K. H. Tucker, who took over the farm management at Michaelmas, is faced with a good deal of clearing up. I am sure that we shall make steady progress in developing the place as a thoroughly up-to-date mixed farm that will serve as a demonstration centre where farmers can see various cropping trials and compare the value and cost of different methods under everyday farming conditions. Later on we hope to invite farmers to visit Goodings and see what we are doing.

THE CORN HARVEST

The 1945 corn harvest was tricky in Berkshire. For a change Scotland had the best of the weather in August. We in Berkshire had the rainings and they were not to our liking. It is true that the barley crop would have benefited from a little more rain before the grain ripened. There was some pre-ripening which has given us an uneven sample with too many shrivelled grains. Rain came during harvest but full advantage was taken of dry days and there is generally plenty of air moving on the higher ground at Goodings, which runs up to 700 feet. All the corn was in rick by the middle of September. Little threshing has yet been done, but yields promise up to the average. We shall not make the top price of all the barleys, but a beneficent Ministry of Food will no doubt take reasonably good samples at a price that will pay for production.

Uncertain weather from August onwards gave the young leys just the right conditions for strong establishment. The clovers and grasses look extraordinarily well. This year it was hardly possible to go wrong in choosing the time of sowing. With an increasing head of stock on the farm these young leys will be wanted next Spring and Summer. In one field of 12 acres we took a crop of silage—oats and peas—and followed this with a short fallow before sowing down a long ley mixture at the end of August. There is a good take here, but what has succeeded in 1945 cannot be taken as a golden rule to be followed every year.

CHARLOCK CONTROL

Charlock is one of the weeds that naturally flourish at Goodings and some of the leys are carrying too much of this interloper. There we intend to take an early Spring silage crop which should serve to keep the charlock under control. The newer methods of weed control will also be tried. In two of the ley fields the clovers predominate strongly and they will need careful management to keep a right balance between clovers and grasses. We intend to mow these two leys next season and give the grasses an opportunity to develop at the expense of the clovers.

Several different seed mixtures have been used this year—lucerne and sainfoin being included in some. It will be interesting to see next Summer, if we get a dry time, how these two leguminous plants fill the bill. Lucerne ought to play a bigger part in our cropping. Once it is established, lucerne gives a big bulk of highly nutritious fodder. We mean next year to sow down different lucerne mixtures in the same field and note the effects of weather and grazing management on the different plots.

This must be a record year for out-sizes in mangolds. At Goodings we had a very heavy crop, but no farmer need ever worry about having too many mangolds. They are an excellent standby right through till May and if there is a surplus at the end of the Winter feeding period they always come in useful during the late Spring. The heavy crops are

most noticeable where farm-yard manure has been used with fertilisers. At Goodings the effects of F.Y.M. have been most noticeable on the sugar-beet, half of which was dunged, the other half relying entirely on phosphates, potash and nitrogen from the bag. The difference in the appearance of the two parts of the field has not yet been translated into tons and sugar percentages because the sugar-beet is still waiting for a loading permit from the factory. Incidentally, we have got all the beet carted to the hard road so that it can be put on rail immediately our turn for a loading permit comes.

On a farm like Goodings where a dairy herd is carried there is enough F.Y.M. to give all the arable fields a coating in turn. The value of the F.Y.M. depends a good deal on the methods of conservation and we are taking steps to preserve the virtue and avoid the seepage of the most valuable constituents which are so often lost when manure from the cowsheds is thrown altogether in a loose heap. We should like to own a dung-loader which would save much of the heavy manual labour in handling F.Y.M. Reports from the National Institute of Agricultural Engineering say that some progress is being made in the design of such machines.

We are behind the United States in this development partly because, as I found when I was there last year, the straw which they use for bedding their cattle in yards is much shorter than the straw which comes off our threshing machines. They ordinarily use the peg drum thresher which breaks the straw into short pieces. This makes the mechanical handling of farm-yard manure a much lighter and easier job. They do not use straw for bedding in their cowsheds to anything like the extent we do.

HOUSING THE DAIRY HERD

At Goodings we have in mind plans for rearranging the housing of the dairy herd. The fields near the buildings are too wet in Winter for the cows to lie out. It would be a great advantage to have covered yards to accommodate the dairy herd at night. The cows should do better and we should incidentally preserve the full value of the F.Y.M.

Alarming figures are often quoted in Parliament to show the heavy losses which various diseases cause in milk production. They seem fantastically high until there is a touch of trouble on one's own farm. At Goodings the misfortune has been an epidemic of mastitis in the dairy herd. This pulled down milk sales during the Summer and Autumn. Now we think we have the trouble under control, although it still flares up occasionally. We lost one promising home-bred heifer in October, but fortunately most of the cases have been of a mild nature. By testing the fore-milk of each cow before the machines are put on, new cases have been found in the early stage and have been successfully checked by the use of M and B powders administered as a drench. Careful handling and scrupulous disinfection must now be the rule. Until this trouble has been completely cleared and better accommodation has been provided for the cows we have decided not to increase the numbers of the milking herd. We shall concentrate on grading up our Dairy Shorthorns to a higher standard, eliminating those cows which have indifferent milk records and replacing them with home-bred heifers from the better cows.

CALVES FROM SALISBURY PLAIN

We have, however, increased the total head of cattle on the farm by purchasing 24 black polled heifer calves. These were bred on Salisbury Plain and came to Goodings straight off their mothers in October. They are being housed at the top end of the farm in a straw yard adjoining a barn where there is a piped water supply. This has the advantage of providing a supply of F.Y.M. at this distant end of the farm where the arable fields need some natural manure. The kale and roots for bulky food are handy and we have plenty of good hay near by. These calves will need to be done well in their

first Winter so that they do not lose too much of their milk bloom. We are giving them ground dredge corn, kale and hay with at present some beet pulp, and a comfortable bed.

These 24 calves passed the tuberculin test before they came on to the farm. It is rarely that young stock raised under hard conditions, like those of Salisbury Plain, do react to the test, but as our dairy herd is attested we wanted to be quite sure that we did not bring any trouble on to the place, even though these young cattle are being kept well away from the dairy herd. They will be tested again in due course so that when the grazing season comes they can take turns with the dairy heifers or the dry cows as required.

COW HEIFER PRICES

We have not decided what we shall finally do with these Aberdeen-Angus heifer calves. We may put an Aberdeen-Angus or white Shorthorn bull with them and breed one calf from them before they are sold as fat stock. In ordinary times a beef heifer which has had one calf makes just as good a price as the maiden heifer. During the war the Ministry of Food has had a special category for cow heifers, but the price allowed is less than that for maiden heifers or steers. It may well be that the need for increasing the country's beef stocks will induce the Ministry of Food to raise the price for the cow heifer grade so as to encourage farmers to breed a good beef calf from a good beef heifer before she goes for slaughter. This would be a common-sense policy and we shall probably decide to do this whether or not we get any encouragement from the Ministry of Food.

The young cattle we have bought will give us the extra stock we want for the proper use of the new leys at Goodings without involving us in a further increase in the dairy herd before we are ready to expand this side of our farming enterprise. At Goodings we are fortunate now in having a piped water supply throughout the farm. As each field falls due for a ley we shall be able to stock it properly without the laborious time-wasting business of carting water to distant fields. With wages at their present level, which should be maintained if we are to attract the right type of young man to the land, Goodings, and indeed all farms, must be equipped to make the fullest use of every pair of hands.

BETTER LIGHTING

In the Winter when the hours of daylight are short and the beginning and ending of the working day is shrouded in darkness, we need adequate lighting about the farm buildings so that the men can do useful jobs in reasonable conditions. If a man has to grope about in semi-darkness between 7 and 8 in the morning it is pretty certain that his time is half wasted. At Goodings we have main electricity laid on to the buildings and we are now trying to get additional lighting points fixed so that work can be carried out efficiently in the early morning and late afternoon during the Winter months.

The tractor shed, for instance, needs a point to plug in an inspection lamp so that running repairs and maintenance can be done first thing in the morning. The oil house should have a light so that drums can be filled without waste and no one is tempted to use a naked light. The grinding house and storage loft above it also need light points so that the cows' rations can be accurately mixed, bagged and weighed. Grinding is done mostly at odd times or in the evening by an Essex electric hammer mill which is equipped with an automatic cut-out which operates as soon as the hopper is empty. When the supply bin, which holds up to 12 sacks of corn, has been filled and the motor switched on, no one need give the mill any further attention until its job is done, as the meal is blown into an adjoining bin which has sufficient capacity to take all the meal ground from 12 sacks. This hammer mill is proving a most useful machine. If all the jobs about the farm could be done so conveniently and with so little labour we could indeed feel that the millennium of mechanisation had really come.



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NEW BOOKS

THE GLORY OF THE LITTLE SHIPS

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER PETER SCOTT has written a history of the service in which he played a distinguished part: that is, the "little ships" service. The little ships are the motor torpedo boats, "mainly concerned with attacking enemy shipping in enemy waters"; the motor gunboats, "mainly concerned with fighting enemy light craft"; and motor launches, the slowest of the three classes, the "maids of all work" of the coastal forces. But the M.L.s, though normally not in the limelight like the others, had their day of glory. It was they who took the force to St.

In this book we get to know the ships and many of the brave men who commanded and manned them, and we are given accounts of innumerable engagements with the enemy. The author's method is to get, wherever possible, the first-hand record of the officers engaged and to found his narrative upon that. The story of St. Nazaire, for example, is built up out of a score of stories told by those who came through that wild night of bluffing a way up the river and fighting bloodily down.

The value of the record is increased by photographs and by drawings and paintings by the author.

THE BATTLE OF THE NARROW SEAS

By Lieutenant-Commander Peter Scott
(Country Life, 15s.)

THE SATURDAY BOOK. Edited by Leonard Russell
(Hutchinson, 15s.)

6 CURTAINS FOR STROGANOVA

By Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon
(Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.)

THE GAZEBO. By D. A. Ponsonby (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.)

Nazaire, exposing their wooden sides to the batteries of the long estuary. I watched them assembling in the waters off my house, and go, taking the old *Campbelltown* with them to ram into the lock gates, and come back, some of them—so few, so very few. Yes, they had their day.

AN M.L. INTERVENES

I have a great affection for the M.L.s if only because on the morning of Dieppe, when the tiny landing-craft were creeping through the mist towards the Bruneval end of the beach and they stumbled into a German ship and her armed escort, it was an M.L. that saved my son. He was commanding a landing-craft, the most defenceless thing on the seas once it is spotted, and the German escort opened fire on them. "An M.L. loomed out of the mist," he said, "raked her decks as she shot by, and vanished again. It saved us." That was the sort of everyday job the M.L.s did.

We saw a lot of the work of the little ships down here, and our interest was increased by one of our neighbours being among the greatest of "little ship" commanders—Robert Hichens who earned great glory before a stray shot ended his life, and who has given so stirring a record of that warfare in *We Fought Them in Gunboats*.

Well, the gunboats and the torpedo-boats and the motor launches are the theme of Lieutenant-Commander Scott's *The Battle of the Narrow Seas* (Country Life, 15s.). It is in the main an unemotional book, but its factual record cannot be read without emotion by anyone who knows what was involved. It was a warfare that had the North Sea and the English Channel and some of the Western coastline of France for its scene of operation. It was almost entirely work done by night—long periods of dull routine, patrolling and searching, lit up now and then by swift, brief, heavy action.

Putting into cold statistics the warm and breathing matter of the book, he points out that at the beginning of the war we had 28 Coastal Force craft; by the end 1,560 had been built. "By 1944 there were about eighty times as many officers and ratings in Coastal Forces as there had been in 1939. Those men in those boats were involved in 780 separate naval actions—464 of them in Home Waters round the British Isles. In those 464 battles, 269 enemy vessels were sunk or probably sunk for the loss, through enemy action, of 76 Coastal Force craft. Such are the figures which measure the achievement of the Coastal Forces in the Narrow Seas round Britain. . . . They carried on the great sea tradition of our country until the job was done—until it was thoroughly finished. There was the spirit of Drake."

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Mr. Leonard Russell, the editor of *The Saturday Book* (Hutchinson, 15s.), is to be congratulated on a remarkable production. *The Saturday Book* is a miscellany that comes out once a year, and this is its fifth appearance. I suppose discerning people, with an eye on Christmas presents, have for a long time marked it down as the book most likely to please a wide variety of tastes.

The book begins with A Panorama of Fifty Years Ago—a carefully selected series of photographs, drawings and advertisements out of which the life of the time stands up with remarkable clarity. Here are the Queen eating her breakfast out of doors at Osborne and the first girls in bloomers riding their bicycles. Here are advertisements for "good plain cooks" who will receive rather less than 10s. a week—"all found except beer," and for parlourmaids who can valet a gentleman and must be "age about 24; tall; no fringe." Here are

the charwomen and the dancing-bears, the "precious" ones of the *Yellow Book*, and the on-coming youngsters like Wells and Shaw.

Then the editor has had the bright thought of asking a number of experts how they do their jobs. Mr. Frank Richards, a writer of schoolboy fiction, gives us an extraordinarily interesting essay on the subject. Mr. Stephen Spender writes on his work as a poet. Mr. Laurence Olivier on acting; Nicolas Bentley on the work of a comic artist. Even *COUNTRY LIFE* contributors have been laid under levy. Bernard Darwin writes on some memorable sporting occasions, and Howard Spring throws a sidelight on the career of Sherlock Holmes.

I think the most completely satisfying thing in the whole book is *Twelve Portraits by Low*. Here the great cartoonist gives us, especially drawn for this volume, studies of a dozen contemporaries seen with a dialectical clarity and presented with the angelic innocence of a child who knows he has smashed a window with each brick.

But if you prefer photographs of ballet, or good short stories, or splendid colour reproductions of some French and English paintings—well you have these, too. And even then there's a lot more, and the discovery of it, I assure you, will bring no disappointment.

FLUFFY AND AMUSING

Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon, the authors of a number of skittish novels, have now turned their attention to ballet—easy game for the satirist. *6 Curtains for Stroganov* (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.) tells of how Stroganov, impresario from Omsk, arrives in St. Petersburg determined to conquer or die. His temperamental wife, till then his *prima ballerina*; the wife's "mamoushka," a no less temperamental old lady with an eye on the main chance for her daughter; Stroganov's wealthy father and money-lending grandfather; his company, good enough for Omsk but not outstanding in a capital where Diaghilev was beginning to shake things up: all make life for Stroganov a stormy business in which he has the thankless task of balancing on a tightrope. On the one side are the backers with money, but also, alas! each with his own "little Baskova" who must have a leading part, and on the other the artists of talent who are ready to tear their hair and their contracts rather than see any "little Baskova" doing the jobs they think should be theirs.

It is all very fluffy and amusing if you can put up with a meal that is *soufflé* from beginning to end.

BATH AS USUAL

D. A. Pensonby's novel *The Gazebo* (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) is called "a vivid and colourful novel of Bath in the time of Beau Nash" and the description is fair enough as these things go. We are given a whole bookful of stock situations handled with more skill than one expects in a writer content to tread again over such well-worn ground.

We have the ruined gambler who marries his daughter to a middle-aged titled man for the sake of his fortune; we have the chivalrous fellow who offers to marry a girl—a mere acquaintance—in order to "save her name from dishonour"; we have a dashing officer who cuts something of a figure in society by day and is a highwayman by night. Duels, the squalor of Newgate Prison, an execu-

tion at Tyburn: all the well-known highlights of the time are concentrated in these pages.

If you like romantic fiction and don't mind how often the tale has been told before, you will like this book, for the author has verve, colour and a complete belief in the material.

AN elaborate and careful piece of work appears in the form of *Prospects of the Industrial Areas of Great Britain* by M. P. Fogarty, Fellow of Nuffield College (Methuen, 32s. net). It embodies investigations carried out in the industrial areas of England, Scotland and Wales, under the general auspices of Nuffield College, by some 60 or more voluntary investigators, many connected with the economic departments of various universities.

Mr. Fogarty, however, is responsible for the selection of facts presented and the conclusions arrived at.

The question arises: why should those interested in the life of the countryside concern themselves with such issues as Mr. Fogarty discusses, especially as the editors of the series frankly admit that problems of the agricultural areas are only incidentally referred to? But no one questions to-day that town and country, industry and agriculture, are linked, and most of their problems merely present different, but closely related, facets of our united national life. Moreover, as Ebenezer Howard said, half a century ago, Modern Britain needs better marriage of town and country!

For the brutal fact remains that while the country holds the charm and romance, and the health and life-giving resources of food, air and water, the towns hold the money.

Professor Orwin has taught us, if we did not know it already, that the great obstacle to development of country life, better housing, good drainage and water supply, facilities for sport and recreation, is the poverty of the countryside.

It is impossible to summarise in a short review the results of these detailed investigations: if they are open to any criticism it is that they are too detailed, they present to the reader an almost bewildering array of facts and figures; and so far as trends in each area are examined, what appears to be the basic assumption, *viz.* that the past is the best guide to the future—is not a very safe one in our rapidly changing post-war conditions to-day: but it must be admitted that till the Government really tackle the problem of policy, and disclose effective regional and national plans, the existing "set-up" for industry throughout the country must largely hold the field.

One of the most interesting chapters in the book relates to the metropolis; and the dangers, strategic and social, involved in the continued sprawling growth of London and the Home Counties are fully presented on the lines of the evidence laid before the Royal Commission.

The proposals of Professor Abercrombie's plan, of decanting about half a million citizens from the L.C.C. area; and of his Greater London plan for a similar removal outwards of about double that number of inhabitants, and approximately a third of existing industrial undertakings, are also supported.

But such schemes of decentralisation must of course be so planned as to avoid, at all costs, unnecessary sacrifice (as so often occurred in the past) of the best agricultural and farming country.

Finally, the conclusions of the Barlow Commission are definitely and rightly endorsed, that Government must step in and, by a system of licensing and elastic control, put a brake on the continued spread of the tentacles of the metropolis.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS . . .

(A Menu dated 1935)



THE DISHES

Iced Melon
Lobster Soup
Poached Live Trout
Melted Butter
Roast Chicken with
Champagne and Cream Sauce
Cold Norfolk Asparagus
Mayonnaise Sauce
Soufflé flavoured with
Grand Marnier
Sweets
Coffee

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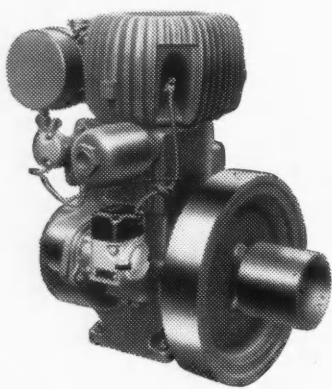


As every farmer knows, the efficiency of any tractor operation depends upon the efficiency of the implement drawn. For this reason, the Ford Company have decided to manufacture a range of implements worthy of the 'Major'. The first production in this range is the 'Elite', a 3 convertible to a 2 furrow, all-purpose trailing plough into which all the knowledge of farming requirements and engineering skill of the Ford organization have been concentrated. Your local Fordson Dealer will gladly give you full information and, if necessary, arrange a demonstration.



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FARMING NOTES

PLOUGHING-MATCH RIVALRIES

PLOUGHING matches have become more popular again. The turn-out at one which I attended recently was far bigger than anyone expected and the comments on the quality of the work were shrewder. These local ploughing matches can do much good by stimulating friendly rivalry between the tractor drivers and the horsemen in a district. In the war years we got into the way of reckoning work by quantity rather than by quality. It was rather a matter of how many acres could be ploughed in a day than the quality of the work having regard to the particular conditions. For instance, in ploughing old turf the best results are got by turning the furrow slice over almost flat and not cocking it up as some ploughmen take a pride in doing with stubble ploughing. When turning in old turf the idea, of course, is to induce the quick rotting of the herbage. If the press follows the plough that will often make the best job. We need to encourage quality and the spirit of craftsmanship in farm work and the revival of these ploughing matches is welcome. They bring together the aristocrats among farm-workers who take a real pride in their job. It is a good idea to include a farmers' class in these ploughing matches. Not every farmer wants to show off his prowess on a tractor with a three- or four-furrow plough. But the younger generation and farmers' sons come forward readily enough and if the prize money for this class is found by a sweepstake there is something substantial for the winner as well as some friendly chaff over the results. The judges for this farmers' class were the tractor drivers who had entered for the open classes. They were keen judges and enjoyed their work.

Toronto to Manchester

IN the war years, if not before, British farmers learnt to appreciate the agricultural machinery made in Canada and the United States. We have relied to a large extent for the heavier tractors and larger machines on the Canadian and American manufacturers with their mass-production facilities for economical output. Now one of these firms, the Massey-Harris Company, Limited, of Toronto, Canada, has decided to start manufacturing in this country. The Board of Trade has allocated to the company one of the new Government factories at Trafford Park, Manchester. Operations are to start soon and the company will employ about a thousand people. Mr. James S. Duncan, President of the company, has made clear that this factory is intended to supply export markets as well as the British market. The venture will have plenty of experience behind it, as the company started making farm implements in 1847. We have in this country a great wealth of engineering skill and if this can be married to the "production line" methods that have proved so successful across the Atlantic we can look forward to rapid expansion in the agricultural engineering industry.

Choice of Clovers

LITTLE clover seed has been imported into this country since 1939 and farmers have had little choice of sources. Before the war we took a good deal of seed from New Zealand, Denmark, Sweden and America. None of these imported kinds of red and white clovers is quite so suitable for our conditions as the native breeds. They are best suited to a shorter growing season. In the war many farmers here have gone

in for seed growing, associations have been formed and the reputation of home-grown seed has been greatly enhanced. In a bulletin on red and white clovers issued by the Welsh Plant Breeding Station at Aberystwyth, farmers are advised that long duration leys under practically all conditions demand the use of S. 84 or genuine English wild white clover. Such persistent strains continue to be productive over many years and ensure the establishment of a close weed-free sward of high quality after the shorter-lived types have died out. For short leys, on all except the poorer soils, S. 100 and New Zealand mother white clovers are recommended for their long growing season and stock-carrying capacity. White Dutch clover may be used in stubble grazing catch cropping and occasionally in one-year leys. Aberystwyth advises that in the choice of seed great care should be taken to obtain a supply of genuine authenticated seed of the most suitable strains. There are too many poor swards to be seen at the present time. I suspect indifferent cultivations and a poor seed bed as the chief causes. Even the best seeds will not do themselves justice if the preliminary cultivations have been scamped.

Sweetening the Straw

IT is worth noting that the feeding-stuffs officers of the war agricultural committees now have some molasses coupons. Farmers can obtain molasses for feeding with straw if they have store cattle being fed in yards for sale for slaughter by next mid-Summer. Molasses can also be got for dairy cows and young stock if the farmer has plenty of straw, but little hay. Damping chopped straw with molasses does not add greatly to its feeding value, but the palatability will be improved and the store animal encouraged to eat enough straw to maintain condition.

Dividends from Lime

BECAUSE potatoes and oats will tolerate some degree of acidity in the soil it does not follow that we can grow full crops on fields that are really deficient in lime. I know of one field where the yield of potatoes was 8 tons to the acre, except on a small part, which was not limed, where the yield was barely 4 tons. The field was being farmed by the War Agricultural Committee and the men spreading the lime misjudged the acreage, putting too much on at the start and having none left to finish. If in doubt it is always worth while having a lime requirement test made. A postcard to the Technical Officer of the War Agricultural Committee will bring the man and his apparatus.

Bee-keepers, Beware!

A SMALLHOLDER who is a handy carpenter managed to get hold of some excellent box-wood from a neighbour who lives close to an American dump. He made himself a beehive and was well pleased with his handiwork, which he showed to admiring friends. One Saturday he transferred the bees to their new home. On the Sunday morning they were all dead and he performed the melancholy task of cremation. The local bee experts got busy and sleuths were set to work. The solution of the problem proved to be that the box-wood, intended for use in the Far East, had been treated with one of the new preparations lethal to white ants and unhappily lethal also to honey bees. CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

INCREASING ENQUIRY FOR TOWN HOUSES

FROM Mayfair to Chelsea the agents' boards (and not all agents, and certainly many owners, do not resort to this mode of inviting offers) are disappearing owing to the opinion, shared by would-be lessors and lessees, that nothing is to be gained, and that much may be lost, by delay in regard to houses. Two of the principal Town mansions sold in the last few days are No. 4, Belgrave Square, and No. 89, Eaton Square. Messrs. George Trollope and Sons were the agents, acting as to Eaton Square with Messrs. Hampton and Sons. Sales by the former firm include properties in Chester Square and Chelsea Square, and Nos. 44 and 46, Grosvenor Street, the last-named for use as offices.

Young House, a great block of premises between Albany Courtyard and St. Mark's Street, is to be adapted as offices and showrooms by the Nuffield Organisation. Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis and Co. acted for the vendors, and Messrs. Warrington and Co. for the purchasers.

FIFTY-SIX SQUARE MILES

SW. LEDALE, the late Lord Rochdale's North-Riding property, near the Westmorland border, is for sale by Messrs. Hampton and Sons. Rounding 34,000 acres are grouse moors—Kell, Crackpot, Muker and Gunnerside—the last-named having on it the large house Gunnerside Lodge. The farms yield nearly £1,500 a year.

On the Balmacaan estate, Inverness-shire, crofters are said to have bought 100 of the holdings, and the break-up auction and private treaty of a very varied type of lots have so far brought the vendors £54,000. Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff and Messrs. Nicholas were the agents.

Lord Ormathwaite's 12,000 acres in Radnorshire will be dealt with in three or four auctions. The heavy task of preparing particulars is nearly done, and Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley expect to issue them in a few days. Lord Ormathwaite is keeping Penybont Hall and a large acreage.

Lord Polwarth has sold Humble House and 1,250 acres in East Lothian, through the Leeds office of Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff, on the eve of the auction.

RURAL PROPERTIES

PRICES ranging from an average of £5,000 up to £17,500 are revealed in a new list of sales effected by Harrods Estate Offices. They include a restored 16th-century house and 30 acres, two miles from Edenbridge; and Lindsays Farm, Ingatstone, an old-fashioned house, partly fifteenth century, and 48 acres; and Shelley Hall, Hadleigh. Surrey properties, for which as much as £15,000 was paid, include Cheylesmore, an acre, at Kingston Hill; Vardon, Banstead; The Hermitage, Cheam; and Epsom properties that made £9,000 in one instance include Woodcote, nearly 2 acres, and Tamaris, a large and lavishly fitted house in an acre, at Woodcote Park. Oakley, Merstham, a house that has changed hands only once since it was built in 1865, goes to a new owner, with freehold grounds of 20 acres. One of the higher-priced properties is Rickettswood, at Norwood Hill, near Charlwood, 225 acres, of which the garden and orchard make up 10 acres. Kenley Park House, a modern residence in 4 or 5 acres, at Kenley, Corbywell, Esher, and Talboys, over 2 acres, at Broadman Green, Oxted, and West Watch, Limpsfield, are other sales. Prices obtained for Woking freeholds included £15,000 for a perfectly fitted modern house in a couple of acres; and nearly

£9,000 for one at Hook Heath. Melrose Cottage, at Horsell, near Woking, reputed to be in part 300 years old, has been disposed of with 2 acres. The particulars of all these properties give not only Mr. Frank D. James's description of the houses, but minute directions as to how to reach them, and the rateable value and other matters about which a prudent buyer would wish to be fully informed. Two or three freeholds in the neighbourhood of Haslemere and Guildford, about £6,000 each, are also described. Among the Sussex sales one of the chief is that of Rudgwick House, with 30 acres, six miles from Horsham. The sum of £300 is remitted for redecoration from a purchase money of roundly £9,000 for a freehold in the vicinity of Pulborough. Considering its large area, 146 acres, Cisswood, three miles from Horsham, naturally tops the list of Sussex sales in the matter of price. The house was built less than 20 years ago, and the gardens were laid out by well-known specialists, and are sheltered by 26 acres of woodland. Besides the foregoing freeholds many in Berkshire, Hertfordshire and elsewhere have been sold.

OUTER-SUBURBAN LAND

THE late Flight-Lieutenant F. W. Turpin's estate of nearly 59 acres at Bushey has been sold by Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard and Messrs. Sedgwick, Weal and Beck. It comprises the house called Tylers, approached from Little Bushey Lane, and 42 acres, and 16 acres adjoining, the whole having 4,540 feet of existing road frontages. The farm-house and some of the land are let at £138 a year. Town-planning restrictions provide for 8 houses to an acre on part of the land and 12 houses to an acre on other parts. This district, within 14 miles of Marble Arch, and enjoying exceptional railway and omnibus services, is likely to see a great deal of development in the near future. Broadly speaking, the private purchaser is finding it harder now to acquire useful areas of land in promising districts, as the local authorities are apt to come in as competitors. Speaking of this tendency the newly elected President of the Chartered Surveyors' Institution (Mr. E. B. Gillett) has just remarked that the public acquisition of property is a new and "revolutionary" phase.

DELAY IN WAR DAMAGE DECISIONS

SERIOUS damage done in 1941 and later, to first-rate London premises, has not so far been the subject of any arrangement regarding compensation, and no information has been vouchsafed by the authorities as to when the owners will be given a licence to rebuild. That, and much more, can be gathered from the report of that important property company, Associated London Properties. Notwithstanding heavy damage to their properties and the continuing delay in dealing with them, the company's contribution under the War Damage Act has amounted to £90,000. The most moderate estimate of loss would be about £125,000. The company holds St. Ermin's on a 999-year lease, but the majority of their premises—valued at over £2,250,000—are on 99-year leases which have more than 80 years still to run. The Chairman, Brigadier-General Wallace Wright, v.c., like most men who have a practical knowledge of property, emphasises that the prompt repair of damaged premises would do more to ease the housing difficulty than the long-deferred rebuilding of what has suffered by enemy action. ARBITER.

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- Three-quarter coat in black Indian lamb with a square yoke and wide cuffs in silver-grey, The National Fur Co.



PHOTOGRAPHS:
ANTHONY BUCKLEY

SEVERAL new silhouettes are being launched in the collections of coats now being got ready for the Spring. Firstly, the caped coats of the Scarlet Pimpernel, secondly, the straight coat, pencil slim, wrapping round the figure, or flaring out in the back from a shoulder yoke; thirdly, the wasp-waisted, full-skirted coat being made in smooth cloths and fine soft tweeds. Some button right up and have a high collar that pulls up round the chin; some are collarless with rounded lapels and full sleeves. The straight coats are in whipcord, camel cloth, duveteen, flat furs and thick tweeds. The softer type of coat, with full skirt and tiny waist, is charming in the feather-weight tweeds and the moss crêpes and georgettes in wool now being manufactured in Yorkshire, and has a big future. Black has first place. A muted grey-blue and hydrangea pink are new-comers for next Spring in these ranges of fine crêpes. Smooth cloths in dove grey, steel grey and olive green are exceedingly smart and new-looking. Sleeves are wider everywhere in almost everything, sometimes straight, sometimes gathered to a wristband, large as a barrage balloon.

One of the prettiest of the waisted coats for Summer was seen at the combined showing of rayon fabrics by a group of wholesale designers at the Mayfair Hotel. This coat, in the fashionable muted grey-blue, had full sleeves and dropped shoulder yoke. Flat single tucks circled the bodice, repeating the curve of the yoke; more tucks gave the illusion of sun-ray pleating to the full skirt. Geometric printed crêpes with the dot-and-dash designs worked into narrow three- or four-inch bars made excellent tailored Summer frocks, a



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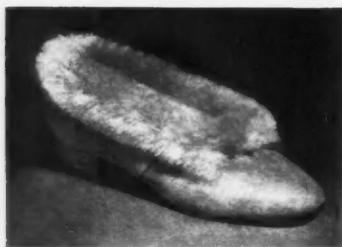
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MODEL GOWNS



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taupe ground with the design in black and a warm orange was fresh and effective. Gorgeous coral and gold brocades, taffetas and failles, chiffons and georgettes brought great splendour to the evening clothes which gave the impression of fullness. Bouffant skirts, picture skirts, full sleeves and the new low décolletage were all shown. Three tiny bridesmaids in white chiffon came in for a lot of attention. They looked enchanting in their full filmy skirts and high Grecian bodices. This chiffon is a British rayon worth its weight in gold to the fashion industry. It has the draping qualities of fine pure silk.

THE caped Regency coat is being shown by James and Gordon in black, in navy, in clear pastel tweeds. It seems to be capable of looking youthful or sophisticated according to the material and the way it is worn. High-crowned postilion hats and caps are being designed for it. The straight coat in black with a brilliant lining is effective with a turndown collar, lined to match. Straight wide sleeves are set into seams that run right over the shoulders, continuing down the front and back to the hemline with pockets hidden beneath; or the coat is double-breasted with flapped patch pockets, set-in sleeves, square tailored shoulders, an elongated reefer in fact; or it has a flaring back, a shoulder yoke and wide seams, as we have shown it on page 1020.

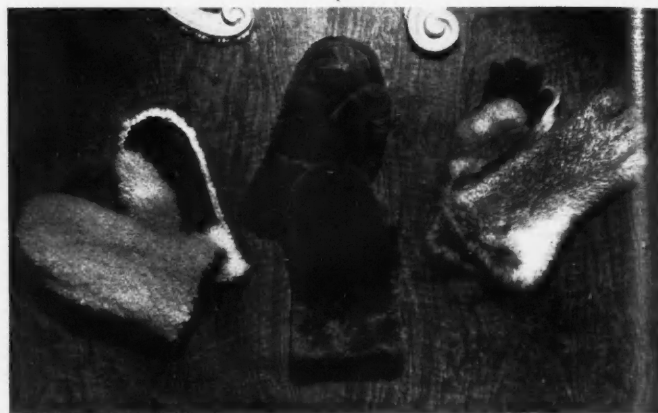
Good news for next year is that there will be a little pure linen released and some wonderful frocks in the higher-priced ranges of Utility. Marcus are making the Moygashel linen up in daffodil yellow for a Summer frock with a severely tailored, double-breasted top and a bunched peasant skirt—quite a new line. An elegant stone-coloured linen dress has a fly-fastening to the top, flapping and seaming to emphasise the

Left to right: Russet suede slippers lined sheepskin. Wedge felt slippers in orange, red, green, blue and black, lined daffodil. Pink leather moccasins lined with wool and with pink fur edging. Dolcis

(Below) Left to right: white lambswool mitts with blue leather palms, golden lamb mitts and chinchilla rabbit gloves. Galeries Lafayette

acute angles of the pockets. The fuller skirt and tiny waist were featured throughout the collection of Marcus dresses in the wool in the new higher-priced Utility range which will sell in the shops for about five or six pounds. The lovely grey-blue made a frock with cap sleeves; old gold a jumper suit with large oblong pockets. Navy dresses were given crisp touches of white—a piqué bow on each of the two pockets set either side below the waist, piping to outline a panel of flat single tucks on a bodice. A short-sleeved woollen dress in self herring-bone grey tweed is cut away to a V to show a vest of daffodil yellow hopsack rayon. This dress has a neat seam in waist-band with pockets below. On all dresses interest was concentrated on the hips.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS



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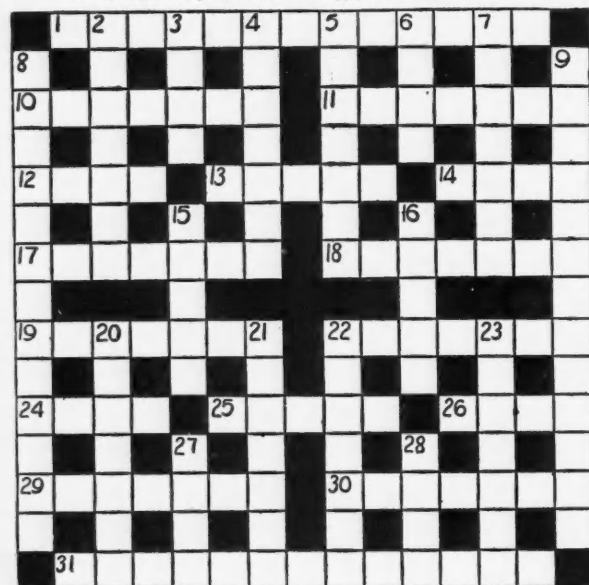


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CROSSWORD No. 828

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 828, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, December 13, 1945.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name.....
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)

Address.....

SOLUTION TO No. 827. The Winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of November 30, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Bread and butter; 9, Your cut; 10, Caribou; 11, Watt; 12, Donne; 14, Hill; 17, Laddie; 19, Friend; 20, Matador; 21, Blazer; 23, Poitou; 25, Brig; 26, Lynch; 29, Aria; 32, Yashmak; 33, Channel; 34, No standing room. DOWN.—1, Boys will be boys; 2, Erupted; 3, Duck; 4, Not so; 5, Bacon; 6, Tarn; 7, Ebb tide; 8, Pulled out a plum; 13, Not a man; 15, Times; 16, Arrow; 18, Ear; 19, Fop; 22, Ariosto; 24, Toronto; 27, Yukon; 28, Cacti; 30, Omit; 31, Sang.

ACROSS.

1. When we buried Sir John Moore (2, 4, 2, 5)
10. Tardy arrival of the bird in Australia? (7)
11. A Venetian merchant (7)
12. Cowper's poetic labour (4)
13. A confession that the dog seized me? (5)
14. It's all mine by arrangement (4)
17. A celestial body seen in the mud (7)
18. Impediment (7)
19. Thackeray's colonel (7)
22. Oh, I can't (anagr.) (7)
24. Sally's chief aide (4)
25. Little more than an atom? (5)
26. Cast a die correctly (4)
29. Lucky, comparatively speaking! (7)
30. Do (7)
31. This is blanched in its salad days (5, 2, 6)

DOWN.

2. Bundles of hay (7)
3. Yes, a young hawk (4)
4. "Who — that beauty passes like a dream?" —W. B. Yeats (7)
5. Real fig (anagr.) (7)
6. Found on examination of a Tintoretto (4)
7. More useful manually perhaps (7)
8. How Mr. Yorick made his journey? (13)
9. "I fled Him, down the arches of the years" (5, 2, 6)
15. When this sort of shoe gets old it causes damage to the works (5)
16. Mitigate (5)
20. "You are pictures out of doors, Bells in your parlours, — — — in your kitchens."—Othello (4, 3)
21. So pert a grass! (7)
22. Quite a chic R.A., though antiquated (7)
23. Goes out on New Year's Eve (3, 4)
27. A white metal (4)
28. Blake's maiden who mourns life's vanities (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 826 is

Mr. Maurice Holmes,
Willow Clough, Sowerby Bridge,
Yorkshire.

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